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THE SUMMER-TIME.

BY D. J. M.

In the night-time, O beloved,
When the wind is in the pines,
And the corn-fields lie in darkness,
While one lonely planet shines,
In the pulsing of my heart's blood
There is music, for I hear,
Through the dark, Time's broad wings beating
Slowly, with the falling year.
Fall the leaf, and rise the tempest,
It is ever Spring with thee;
And the winter of our wedding
Will be Summer-time to me.

When the leaf is sere and golden,
And the branches bare and white
With the rime of Winter, falling
In the low-lit Autumn night,
I am glad, as though the Spring time
Shone o'er all the golden sky;
And I watch the light sand running
Through the hour-glass, merrily.

O beloved when, above us,
Rise dark clouds of gathering snow,
And the keen, chill winds of Winter
From the whitening uplands blow,
All the long night, on my window,
Will the fairy flowers move,
Building for us bowers and grottoes,
Lit with morning-lights of love.
Fall the leaf, and rise the tempest,
It is ever Spring with thee;
And the Winter of our wedding
Will be Summer-time to me.

AN OPAL RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "REMORSE OF LOVE," "MYSTERY OF A WILL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED)

BERTHA sighed. She knew how powerless she was to influence Lena, or to induce her to relinquish anything on which she had set her mind.

"I trust you may prove a false prophet," Bertha rejoined. "You must not judge Lena too harshly. She has not been accustomed to do anything for herself, and she has been accustomed to indulgence—and what has she to look to?"

"And so she turns her good looks into a sort of merchandise? Well, well, it isn't the way I should have brought up a daughter of mine. My ideas of marriage are somewhat different—eh, little Bertha?" said Sir Stephen. "But there, I'm only an old fogy, and perhaps, as you say, I don't make allowance; so we'll say no more, and hope for the best. That's the truest wisdom—isn't it?—to hope for the best and trust in Providence."

It was while they were sitting at luncheon on the grass, after exploring the ruins, that the girls heard from Lady Langley further details of Lord Alphington's history.

"Lady Alphington and I were schoolfellows and very dear friends," she said; "but during the latter part of her life I did not see much of her, as I was so much abroad with Sir Stephen. We corresponded regularly, however, and I heard from her how much grief the misconduct of her youngest son had caused her. She had but two children—both sons. It seems Fancourt had got himself mixed up with some disreputable turf transactions, though it appeared afterwards that his name had been used without his knowledge. However, he had got into bad company—that was certain—and it was thought better that he should leave the country for a while. He went to America, and soon after that Lady Alphington died, her death being hastened no doubt by sorrow. Lord Chalfont, the eldest son, had married some time before, and after his mother's death he, with his wife and two sons, passed a great part of the year at Alphington Park But there seemed to be no end to misfortune. First came the news of Fancourt's death, caused by an accident. Then the two boys Lord Chalfont's sons, took scarlet fever; their mother also took it while nursing them, and within a fortnight all three were laid in the grave A report had reached Lord Alphington—how I do not know—that Fancourt had left a wife and son in America. Inquiries were made, but nothing was ascertained. Lord Chalfont was alive then, and perhaps the search was not proceeded with as vigorously as it might have been. The fatality in the family was not yet at an end. Lord Chalfont, traveling in Switzerland, caught a severe cold. It turned to inflammation of the lungs. His father was telegraphed for, but arrived at Lausanne only just in time to see him before he died. Since that time Lord Alphington has been a lonely man. Now a young man has come over from America asserting that he is his grandson. Lord Alphington has directed his solicitors to examine the proofs; he has declined to see the claimant till he is assured that he may welcome him as his heir. He is naturally very anxious that the claim should be made good."

"It is a sad story," said Bertha, who had been listening with sympathetic interest. "How I wish his grandson may be found! What a happiness it would be to him!"

"Yes the greatest which he is now capable of receiving," Lady Langley observed. "Independently of the want of some one on whom to expend his affections, it is a melancholy reflection that with him may become extinct an ancient title and an honored name But Sir Stephen is calling us. Come, dears—it is time we returned."

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. DALTON felt very dull without her daughters. She had not many resources, and had no very near neighbors, except a deaf old lady, who could never have been an amusing companion in her best days. She did not like walking out by herself, was tired of novels, and was altogether in a fretful and dissatisfied frame of mind.

The breakfast things had been cleared away, and she was thinking what she should do with herself all the morning, when Sarah came to say that a lady had called, wishing to see her.

"Who is it, Sarah?" she asked.

"I don't know, 'um," Sarah replied. "She didn't give no name; she said you wouldn't know her—a widow lady, 'um."

"Show her into the drawing room," said Mrs. Dalton

She followed her unknown visitor into the drawing room, and saw before her a rather tall, fine looking woman, richly dressed in black silk and crape Her figure and the lower part of her face gave the idea of a woman still young, though her complexion was sallow. Her eyebrows were black and well defined, but her hair was quite gray, and drawn away in plain bands under a widow's cap The crape fall of her bonnet partly shaded her face, and she wore blue spectacles. She bowed gracefully as Mrs. Dalton join d her.

Struck by her ladylike appearance, Mrs. Dalton begged her to be seated She took a chair that stood against the window next to Mrs. Dalton's worktable, alleging a weakness of the eyes as a reason why she avoided having the light upon her face.

"I have taken the liberty of calling to inquire about the character of a servant—Ann Turner," she said, referring to a paper she held in her hand. "I ought to have waited for an appointment, I am aware; but I am in haste, as I am about to leave town. This must be my excuse."

"The character of a servant!" Mrs Dalton repeated, in surprise. "I am afraid there is some mistake—I am not parting with a servant."

"Mrs. Dalton, of Garden House?" said the stranger, interrogatively, again referring to her paper.

"That is my name," returned Mrs. Dalton; "but this is not Garden House. It is Ivy Cottage."

"Oh, dear; then I am afraid I have made a mistake," the stranger announced, but without offering to move from her seat. "I am sorry to have intruded."

She sighed, and put her handkerchief up to her brow, as if weary.

"Pray don't mention it—and don't hurry," said Mrs. Dalton. "You seem tired"

"I am tired," the lady confessed. "I have been inquiring everywhere for Garden House; and then I asked for Mrs. Dalton, and was directed here Perhaps you could tell me where to find Garden House?"

"I don't know of any such place about here," returned Mrs. Dalton; "nor did I know that any one of the same name lived in the neighborhood"

"Dalton or Galton," said the lady—"the name is not very distinctly written, I asked for Galton first, and then, when the tradesman I inquired of mentioned Dalton, I thought that must be it. Seeing the large garden when the gate was opened, I felt sure I was right"

"Yes the garden is large—it covers nearly half an acre," communicated Mrs. Dalton, not sorry to indulge in a little chat. "It's an expense to keep up, or at least would be if it was properly kept in order, and I dare say would be worth a good deal for building on. But it is my own property, and the house is large enough for me and my two daughters. The only inconvenience is its distance from the gate."

"I should imagine that must be an inconvenience in wet weather or in winter," said the stranger "But its a pretty house—the growth of ivy makes it so picturesque"

"We have a back entrance to a lane, where a carriage can come down," observed Mrs. Dalton. "The house was originally a market gardener's cottage. Most of the ground was sold and built upon, but this bit was left; many of the old fruit trees are still standing. The old cottage is now the kitchen and servants' rooms; the rest of the house has been added since, at different times."

"Ah, indeed!" said the lady, as if much interested.

She was leaning her elbow upon the small table close to the chair where she sat. Mrs. Dalton's usual armchair stood on the other side of the same table, and here she seated herself while she spoke.

"I am sorry I have been mistaken," the lady resumed "I should have taken a servant from here with such confidence," she added, casting an admiring look around. "What a trouble servants are!"

"They are indeed," Mrs. Dalton agreed, flattered by her visitor's implied compliment. "One of my servants has been with me upwards of twenty years; she is an excellent cook, and an excellent, trustworthy woman, but she has such a temper! I declare to you I dare not interfere with her. As for the girls, they are so fond of finery and so pert and stuck up. I don't know what they'll come to."

"And careless too," said the lady. "Don't you find it so, with all this valuable china about?"

"I never allow a servant to touch it," Mrs. Dalton answered. "My younger daughter always dusts it herself"

"Quite right and prudent, I am sure," the lady observed. "That bowl is old Chelsea ware. I have two or three fine specimens of Wedgwood ware and some old Sevres that are very valuable," said Mrs. Dalton.

"I dote upon china," announced the stranger, "but my particular crane is for antique jewelry. I have some few articles I wouldn't part with for any money."

"I dare say not," said Mrs Dalton "We have a curious ring in our possession just now. One of my daughters found it in a very singular manner."

"A curious ring!" exclaimed the lady. "I am afraid it would be giving too much trouble to ask to see it: but you have no idea how fond I am of such things, and I flatter myself that I am no mean judge of jewels"

"It will be no trouble at all," said Mrs. Dalton, ringing the bell, and then returning to her seat. "Sarah," she continued, as the housemaid appeared at the summons, "here is the key of my dressing-case. You know how the drawer opens. Just inside you will find a small ring case—bring it down."

"This is rather a peculiar ring, though not a valuable one," observed the lady, drawing from her finger a small cameo in coral, and handing it to Mrs. Dalton.

"It is very pretty. It is antique I suppose?" interrogated Mrs. Dalton, examining it.

"Oh yes, certainly an antique. It has been in our family for many years," the stranger replied, as she replaced the ring and drew on her glove.

Sarah soon returned with the case, and Mrs. Dalton taking out the opal ring, showed it to her visitor, but without giving it into her hand.

"It is really splendid," the lady acknowledged. "If it were mine I should be quite afraid of wearing it, lest I should lose it"

"I persuaded my daughter not to take it into the country with her, for fear of an accident," observed Mrs. Dalton, complacently, as she replaced the ring in its case, and laid it on the table beside her

"I really must not intrude any longer—thank you so much," said the lady. "Could you tell me of any registry office for servants near here?"

"Yes, there is one in Portland Town," Mrs. Dalton replied.

"I am quite ashamed to be so troublesome, but would you be so very good as to write the address for me? I really have no head for names; I never can remember names of places or people."

"Oh certainly, I'll write it with pleasure," said Mrs Dalton, going to the table at the other end of the room on which stood a blotting book and inkstand.

The stranger lady received the written address, and then took leave with a profusion of thanks. Mrs. Dalton immediately took the ring case from the little table where it had been standing, and, going upstairs, locked it again in her dressing box. It was the same morning, only a few hours later, when Bertha's telegram arrived, that she went to the case and found it empty.

Sarah accompanied the lady down the garden to the gate, and stood looking after her for a minute or two as she went along the road.

"Well, I never!" was her exclamation, as she closed the gate, and returned to the house.

Close search was made for the ring. It must have slipped out of the ring case, and rolled away either in the drawing room or on the stairs, and Sarah must find it, Mrs. Dalton averred. Things were always going wrong in that uncomfortable manner, for the sole purpose of tormenting her, she declared. She wished Bertha had only had the good sense to keep her own counsel about the ring, and then the trouble need not have happened. It was so ridiculous of her to mention it when there was no occasion.

Sarah nearly got her dismissal for asserting her belief that the stranger lady had taken it. "Such utter nonsense" Mrs. Dalton said; "as if I were not a sufficiently good judge of character to know a lady when I saw one!" On Sarah repeating her conviction, she was desired sharply to hold her tongue, which she accordingly did, but with the determination to give her version of the story to "Miss Bertha" when she came home.

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE had been a rain in the early morning, but before twelve o'clock the clouds cleared away, and the sun shone out warm and bright when the party from the Larches drove over to Alphington Park A damp had fallen upon Bertha's spirits, however, which was not so easily shaken off as the raindrops of the morning. A cruel mortification and disappointment had overtaken her. The opal ring was lost!

That morning a post had brought the vexatious news, and, instead of being the means of restoring the precious ring to its rightful owner, she had to make excuses for what she felt in her heart was utter folly and carelessness

To Lena however, this adverse circumstance was comparatively indifferent; it did not affect herself, and it was not her custom to allow the troubles of other to deprive her cheeks of bloom or her eyes of brightness.

She leaned back in the luxurious carriage, indulging in day-dreams, imagining how she would feel, how she would conduct herself, if she were there and then driving into that splendid domain as the bride of its heir; for her fancy had taken wings, and had already conceived such a possibility.

The house was a noble structure, the ground-plan representing the letter E, a

mode of flattery frequently adopted by architects during the reign of Elizabeth. It was built of dark red brick, with stone copings, cornices, and mullions, the red in some parts being relieved by the growth of ivy and Virginia creeper. Over the central portion rose a clock tower. The wings, forming the arms of the letter, contained on one side the state drawing room, on the other the great library; these were lighted by windows opening on to the broad grassy terrace that extended the whole length of the house, broken only by the flight of grif fin-guarded steps that led up the entrance door.

In front of the house, below the terrace, a level lawn extended, bounded by a ring fence. This separated it from the deer park, with its groups of fine forest trees, undulating sward, ferny hollows, and ornamental water fed by a running stream. On the border of the lake stood a picturesque boat-house, though it was long now since the stroke of oars had disturbed the swans and other fowl that built their nests amongst the water-plants fringing its margin.

The interior of the house was in admirable keeping with the stately exterior. Though advantage had been taken of all modern improvements to add to comfort, there was nothing garish, nothing incongruous. The grand entrance hall, with its richly carved oak panelling, was still warmed in winter by piles of logs on the dog-hearth, and still decorated by suits of armor, antique weapons, and stags' heads and other trophies of the chase. Most of the rooms were hung with velvet of a subdued crimson; the paintings on the walls were choice and valuable; the ornaments consisted of rare pieces of majolica or Sevres china, and of exquisite works of art in the way of marbles and bronzes; while the effect of light and space was increased by an abundance of mirrors. Such was Lord Alphington's home; and he warmly received his expected guests.

The luncheon hour passed pleasantly for all excepting Bertha, who sat on thorns. After luncheon Lord Alphington led the way to the picture gallery. This extended along the first floor at the back of the house, one side being almost entirely of glass, the low windows being merely separated by broad piers, against which stood antique cabinets of various kinds, supporting vases, candelabra, and other objects of *virtu*.

From the windows a view was obtained of the magnificent flower gardens, with fountains and statues, and mosaic-like parterres. The opposite wall of the gallery was principally occupied by family portraits. Here frowned a warrior in coat of mail, there a demure lady in coif and stomacher looked out from the canvas. Farther down, the stately presence of a courtier of Charles the First's time was portrayed by Vandyke, and near to him simpered a shepherdess, in loose robe and flowing hair, by Sir Peter Lely.

Underneath the pictures, here and there, stood massive tables, and heavy carved chairs covered with brocade or needlework traced by the fair hands probably of some of these pictured dames. The length of this gallery formed a charming promenade, and had been a favorite resort for many generations of Fancourts. Here state secrets had been discussed and political movements determined on. Here love-tales had been whispered and fond fancies woven, and hearts had throbbed that had long ago crumbled into dust; and here children had raced in their glee who had since grown old and gray, and had passed away, leaving another generation to make the old walls resound with song and laughter.

Lord Alphington appeared in wonderful good spirits; he laughed at Sir Stephen's jokes, and entered with interest into his description of proposed alterations at the Larches, giving advice and suggestions. When they went into the gallery, he took an opportunity of drawing Bertha aside; he had noticed that during luncheon she had looked grave, as if something troubled her.

"You are not looking well," he said, in his kind manner, as they stood together in the recess of one of the windows. "Do you feel tired? Would you rather rest?"

"Oh, no, I am not at all tired, thanks," said Bertha; "but I have had bad news. I am grieved to say that the ring is lost again—stolen, as it seems."

Her lips quivered as she spoke; she found it difficult to keep back tears; she felt altogether so vexed and disappointed.

"Lost again!" exclaimed Lord Alphington in surprise. "How is that?"

Bertha drew her mother's letter from her pocket. It was written, as were all Mrs. Dalton's letters, without much sequence as to the order of events, and without a single stop from beginning to end; moreover, it was penned in an illegible, pointed hand, and any circumstance she had to relate called forth reflections of which no one else could see the relevancy. In order therefore to give Lord Alphington a clear notion of what had occurred, as far as she could understand it herself, Bertha had to pick out bits of her mother's letter here and there and put them together.

It seemed that, on the very morning Bertha had sent the telegram to request that the ring should be forwarded, an elderly widow lady had called on Mrs. Dalton to inquire about the character of a servant. It appeared—so Bertha made out—that her mother and the stranger lady had gone on talking, and that their conversation had turned upon rings. At any rate, Mrs. Dalton told her visitor of Bertha's adventure, and showed her the opal ring, taking it out of its case for that purpose. The lady admired it, and commented upon it, and then gave it back to Mrs. Dalton, who restored it to its case—of this she was quite certain. When Bertha's telegram arrived, she went to the ring-case to take the ring out, but it was gone. She had searched everywhere for it, but in vain.

It was impossible it could have been stolen, Mrs. Dalton wrote, because she had never left the room; she had never even turned her back, except for a moment, when she went to a side table to write an address. Besides, the stranger was such a well-dressed, lady-like woman that it was quite out of the question to suspect her of having taken it, even if she could have had the opportunity. Mrs. Dalton expressed much regret but of course she was not to blame—when had she ever been otherwise than a model of wisdom and self sacrificing goodness, in her own opinion?

"And now what is to be done?" cried Bertha, with a little sob. "Oh, I am so sorry!"

Lady Langley, perceiving Bertha's distress, came up to where she was standing.

"I suppose you have been telling of the loss of the ring," she said. "It is a provoking circumstance; but don't let her take it too much to heart," she added, turning to Lord Alphington.

"Pray don't do that, my dear young lady," he requested: "there is no need. I don't pretend to say that the loss of the relic is not a disappointment to me, but it is of less consequence than it might have been. I have no doubt whatever that the person who called upon Mrs Dalton stole it," he continued, turning to Lady Langley, "and as little doubt that the object in gaining possession of it was not its mere money value. This belief gives much more importance in my mind to the robbery."

"I had not thought of that; but it certainly strikes me so now you mention it," said Lady Langley. "You will take some steps to trace it, will you not?"

"That I certainly shall," Lord Alphington replied. "I shall give notice to the police at once, and have a detective set to work. There is altogether a mystery about it."

"So it seems to me," said Lady Langley.

"As to the more important case, I am happy to say all doubts are cleared away," announced Lord Alphington. "I received a letter from my solicitor this morning."

Bertha looked up with inquiring eyes.

"You have received satisfactory intelligence then?" interrogated Lady Langley.

"Yes," answered Lord Alphington. "The young man calling himself Sedley has laid his papers before Thomson & Cratchit, who assure me they are all in order. There is no longer a question that this Sedley is the legitimate son of my son. The only thing missing that ought to have been in the box he handed over to the solicitors is this ring. Fortunately it was not necessary for proof."

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried Bertha, a flush rising to her cheeks as she felt her mind more at ease.

"I must sincerely congratulate you," said Lady Langley.

"Thanks—you may indeed do so," returned Lord Alphington, smiling at Bertha, while he addressed the elder lady. "You haven't yet seen your grandson, I suppose?" inquired Lady Langley.

"No; but I hope and trust I shall find him a true Fancourt. He was for some years at Yale College, in America, and has since traveled much, I hear. All that looks well," said Lord Alphington.

"Exceedingly so. I shall be quite anxious to see him," Lady Langley observed.

"I shall go up to town on Saturday to hold out my hand to the new-found child of my house, and shall most likely bring him back with me here," said Lord Alphington.

"And then we must have a merry-making—we must kill the fatted calf," put in Sir Stephen, rubbing his hands. He had joined them in time to hear the last remark.

Lord Alphington smiled.

"Yes, I shall call upon my neighbors to rejoice with me," he said.

Bertha slipped away, thankful that her news had caused less regret than she had expected.

Frank Holcroft was criticising the rigging of a ship in the background of one of the pictures to Lena, who looked bored.

"Are you sure you know how ships were rigged two hundred years ago?" asked Bertha, coming up, and releasing her sister.

"But don't you see it would be impossible to furl the top gallant sail with those stays?" said the young man, pleased to get hold of a more willing listener.

"I don't know anything about it," Bertha laughed; "but if you like, you shall explain it to me when we get home. We are going into the garden now, I believe."

When the party took leave in the afternoon, Lord Alphington placed a pearl ring on Bertha's finger.

"Will you wear this?" he said. "It is of no other value than to remind you of one who will be glad to be considered as a friend."

Bertha thanked the kind old man with effusion, telling him how highly she valued the privilege he thus gave her.

"I only wish, if I should recover the ring that is lost, that it may some day find its place on the hand of one as sweet and good as you, my dear young lady," he said. "Adieu till we meet again, when I hope to have one to introduce who will make Alphington more cheerful than an old man can."

Bertha, feeling shy under the Earl's commendation, murmured a few scarcely audible words in reply, and they parted.

On the Friday Lena and she had to return to London, as her lessons recommenced on the following week, and she wished to have one free day at home.

CHAPTER IX

IT was on the afternoon of the day when Lady Langley, seated on a heap of shawls beneath the ruined keep, related a portion of Lord Alphington's history that Mrs. Lemont, in restless mood, paced to and fro in the drawing room in Westbourne Grove.

She appeared troubled and uneasy. Every now and then she stopped in her impatient walk to look from the window. To every sound that came from below she listened intently.

About the room were signs of approaching departure. A large box containing many of the articles of luxury which Bertha had noticed when she called stood open on the floor. Mrs. Lemont seemed to have been just engaged in packing it. Through the half open folding doors other boxes were visible, some already corded. The little white poodle had been left as a legacy to the people in the china shop. Mrs. Lemont was not really fond of animals—the dog had been only a temporary caprice. The cage of Java sparrows stood outside the door, covered with green baize, ready to travel under the charge of the man servant, together with a collection of parcels, bags, and handboxes, enough for half a dozen people to look after.

The clock on the chimney piece rang out five; then another quarter chimed, and still Mrs Lemont continued her restless pacing.

"Why does he not come?" she murmured, half aloud, as if, oppressed by a sense of lonaliness, she was impelled to address the inanimate objects around her. "He said he would be here this afternoon. He told me to be ready to go away with him, and I am ready."

She pressed her open palms to her temples, and then to her heart, sighing deeply.

"I know he no longer cares for me—that he would rather I was out of his way," she continued, to herself. "And it! Is it possible that I love him still, after all these years of oppression and neglect and misery? I scarcely know whether I love or hate him. He may try me too far."

She stood for a while leaning against the frame of one of the windows, gazing into the busy street below. Omnibuses, cabs, carts, rattled past without ceasing; a continual stream of foot-passengers hustled each other along the pavement; customers went in and out of the opposite shops. Without, all was life and animation; within, isolation and a dreary void.

At last a double knock was heard at the street door. Mrs. Lemont started as if her ears had not been strained to catch the sound. She went to a side table on which stood a decanter and glasses, and, pouring out a glass of wine, hastily swallowed it, and then she threw herself into an easy chair as she heard steps quickly ascending the stairs.

The door opened and a young man entered, closing the door again behind him with a slam. Mrs. Lemont rose to meet him, but without any appearance of the impatience she had previously displayed.

"You are late," she said. "I have been expecting you for some time."

He met her with a kiss—one that might be called a matter of course kiss, for it was given and received as such.

Mrs. Lemont returned to her seat, and her visitor drew a chair to the table.

"I told you I would come. I didn't tell you at what time, because I didn't know myself," was his reply to her observation.

He was a man of about six and twenty years of age, rather tall and broad shouldered, but loosely knit about the knees. His complexion had a sodden look, with a redness about the nose and eyelids which seemed to be the result of dissipation; his hair was sandy, inclined to be red; he wore neither moustache nor beard, but long whiskers. His features were not badly formed—nature had intended him to be good looking rather than otherwise—but the sullen brow, the sensual expression of the full lips, the dimmed and bloodshot eyes that had a look both bold and sinister, completely reversed nature's intentions on his account.

"Have you nothing to tell me, Sedley?" Mrs. Lemont asked. "Have you been to Thomson & Cratchit's? Are the proofs all right?"

"Of course I have been to Thomson & Cratchit's," replied Sedley. "They required some little time to go over the papers, but they've promised me an answer this evening. I know the contents of the box are all right, except that confounded ring—and so do you. When that precious brother of yours stole the ring, I only wish he had swallowed it, and it had choked him."

"And yet you have found Pierre useful to you at times," said Mrs. Lemont. "And the proof doesn't depend upon the ring."

"No, it doesn't depend upon it: but I'll have the ring if I can. Give me the address of that girl you say called here about something that Pierre lost in the omnibus. It might be that very ring—who knows?"

Mrs Lemont went to her desk and brought out Bertha Dalton's card. A singular smile passed over her face as she gave it to her companion.

Sedley looked at it and placed it in his pocket.

"I shall call there as soon as I can call as Mr Fancourt," he said.

"If I had known at the time that a ring was missing, I should not have owned to Pierre's visit here," observed Mrs. Lemont.

"No, I suppose you're not quite such a fool as that," returned her companion, roughly. "And now are you ready to leave here?"

"Yes, I'm sure I've no wish to stay—I'm sick of the place," the lady answered.

"And yet you've had your fling, I think, with your infernal extravagance. I hope you have no debts, or it will be the worse for you," said Sedley, in the same harsh tone.

"No, I have no debts," Mrs. Lemont replied, with compressed lips and heightened color, as if striving to control her rising anger.

"That is well so far," Sedley remarked. "Pray who is the last victim?" he asked, with a sneer, as he took up and laid down several little articles of *bijouterie* on the table.

"I might ask the same question of you," replied Mrs. Lemont, her eyes flashing. "But what is the use of recriminations? I have promised to do what you require of me—that is enough."

"Has any one been here to-day?" Sedley asked, with an air of suspicion.

"I told Perkins to admit no one but you," said Mrs. Lemont. "What an idiot that Perkins is! Only I think he's tolerably trustworthy, as things go. Ah me, is there one honest person in this heartless world, I wonder?"

Sedley's lip curled.

"I suppose people are honest or not just as it best serves their turn," he said.

"That is your maxim, I know, my friend," Mrs. Lemont remarked, with a scornful laugh, "and therefore you cannot be surprised if I do not altogether trust. How long is my banishment to last?"

"How can I tell?" he demanded. "Let me get into my saddle first."

Julie Lemont fixed her bright black eyes upon him, as though she would look him through. He winced under her gaze.

"You would trick me if you could, but have a care," she said. "Remember, I have you in my power."

Sedley turned a shade paler.

"If any revelations as to the past would affect me, they would equally affect you, *ma belle*," he said, in a voice not quite steady. "But what's the use of talking in that way, Julie?" he continued. "Only let me be secure—let me get on the blind side of the old man—and then you will see. What has put it into your head that I want to deceive you?"

"Don't I know you?" cried Julie, with her eyes still fixed upon his face.

Again Sedley winced.

"You are not talking like a reasonable woman, Julie," he observed. "You professed to see as clearly as I did how important it is that I should not damage my prospects, that I should get to stand well with the Earl and that I shouldn't just at first bring forward old connections. All this you agreed to. You also agreed to go down to any place I might take for you, for three months, perhaps, passing there as the widow of a relative. You can't deny this?"

"I don't wish to deny it," Julie returned. "I am quite ready to fulfil my part of the bargain. Lord Alphington is old and infirm, you say, and cannot live long—you will soon be your own master. I can wait; it would not be my interest that you should damage your prospects. I am no child to seize a bauble before I am assured of its worth. Only, remember, if you are Earl, I will be Countess of Alphington, or I shall know how to take my own measures. Don't you think I could carry a coronet well?" She lifted her head as she spoke, as if she already felt the weight of it on her brow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Irishman, standing on the tongue of a wagon, was run away with by a pair of horses and had his legs very much bruised by the violent motion of the swingletrees. Some person, to whom he was relating the accident, asked him—"Why didn't you jump off Patrick?" "Faith, sir," returned Pat, "and it was as much as I could do to stay on."

Before marriage she was dear and he was her treasure; afterwards she became dearer and he treasurer.

Important Notice!

As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium Offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to EXTEND THE TIME TO JULY 1st.

Our New Premiums.

Some of our readers seem to think our Diamante Brilliants can be obtained for 10 cents; some, more generous, send us 57 cents; and others are under the impression that they are entitled to a ring, a pair of earrings, or a stud, and the Post one year for $2.00. If our friends knew the real value of these Premiums, they would gladly accept our very reasonable terms. Any one of the new Premiums costs us more in actual cash than 52 copies of the Post. Please don't forget this, and you will save us no end of trouble.

For $2.00 and 10 three-cent stamps we send by Registered Mail any one of the Premiums and extend your present subscription one year, or send the paper one year to any address you desire. For a club of two subscribers one year, at $2.00 each, we give the sender any one the Premiums; for $5.00 any two Premiums, and three yearly subscriptions; and for $8.00 all three Premiums and four subscriptions. We could sell any of the Diamante Brilliants readily for $5.00 without the Post, for similar articles sell in Philadelphia now for from $5.00 to $15.00 each.

These Premiums positively cost more money than any premium ever offered by anybody. We guarantee them to be set in SOLID GOLD, and if not precisely as represented in every particular, return them, and we will refund the amount of your remittance promptly. Diamante Brilliants are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds worth $100 or more. The best judges fail to detect the imitation; they are produced chemically; they are imported for us, and mounted to our order; they are worn in the best society, and they are the only perfect substitute for real diamonds ever produced.

More Recipients Heard From.

Indian Mills, N. J., April 20, 1881.
Saturday Evening Post:—I received the Diamante Brilliant finger ring. It is an exquisite little gem. I assure you it gives entire satisfaction, and is very much admired by all who have seen it. Please accept many thanks for such a beautiful present. I like your paper very much; it is a very agreeable weekly visitor. I will recommend it to my friends.
B. C. L. E.

Borden, April 25, 1881.
Editor Saturday Evening Post:—The ring that you sent me just to hand. It is beautiful, well worth five times what I paid for it. The paper every body should have.
E. M. S.

Winchester, Mo., April 24, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Your elegant premium of earrings received. I can say they are a surprise. They are much more beautiful than I expected.
Mrs. J. E. D.

Norfolk Co., Va., April 23, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Premium earrings received. We are unable to express our great surprise on receiving, in lieu of the false and worthless stuff usually given as premiums, your truly valuable and exquisite Diamante Brilliants. Our little girl, who has the earrings, with as much pride as pleasure, shows and gives their history. You will hear from her soon, and I think often. Your excellent journal was a weekly visitor to our study more than twenty years ago.
G. N. H., M. D.

Wilmington, Del., April 20, 1881.
Editors Post:—Your premium has been received. Am very much pleased with it. Have been subscribing for your paper for several years, and would not do without it.
J. D.

Roseburg, Douglas Co., Oregon, April 27, 1881.
Gentlemen:—Your paper and premium arrived, and the latter is a beauty. I am more than satisfied, and shall do all I can for you here.
J. C.

Worcester, Mass., April 20, 1881.
Editors Post:—All of the premiums received. Am very well pleased with them. Please accept my thanks. The paper I like.
Mrs. M. W.

Wilson, Wis., April 25, 1881.
Editors Post:—The ring came duly to hand, and is boss in brilliancy. It rivals a gem of the first water, and is the admiration of all.
H. B. C.

Clade, S. C., April 26, 1881.
Editor Saturday Evening Post:—Premium earrings equal to gems of first water. Really splendid indeed.
W. B. KON.

Alcona, Alcona Co., Mich., April 27, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Your premium received. It is just superb, and paper and ring are all you represented them.
D. E.

New York, N. Y., April 20, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I send you many, many thanks for the handsome earrings. They are very beautiful indeed. I shall try and get more subscribers for your interesting paper.
Miss E. K.

Smarr Station, April 28, 1881.
Editors Post:—The ring was received yesterday, for which accept my thanks. I think it quite pretty, and all who have seen it admire it very much. I also find your paper very interesting and look forward to its arrival with a great deal of pleasure.
Mrs. P. S. B.

Hewick, Col. Co., Pa., April 28, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I have received your premium and find it far better than I expected. I think it is a real beauty. I hope to add many subscribers to your lists.
Miss. E. M.

Cave Spring, Green Co., Mo., April 23, 1880.
Editors Saturday Evening Post.—I received the premium ring, and would say am very much pleased with it. Will do all I can for you and the Post.
E. W. G.

With such indorsements, such a paper, such premiums, at such a low price, we hope to receive a renewal from every subscriber on our books. Address, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 724 Sansom Street, Philada.

The New Tenants

BY J. P. CAMPBELL.

"WHAT can be the matter with that baby?"

Mrs. Jameson laughed.

"I think you had better go and see," she said, "for you have made that exclamation about twenty times. Perhaps," she added, more gravely, "it would be only neighborly to step over, Josie. My rheumatism is so bad I cannot go, but I will watch your biscuits."

Now Josie had been longing for just this permission.

The next house to her mother's had been taken for the summer, and the tenants were moving in.

Furniture had been arriving nearly all day and twice Josie had caught a glimpse of a pretty little lady in mourning directing the movements of the men driving the furniture wagons.

But at about four o'clock in the afternoon the screams of the baby became painful to the ears of the tender-hearted girl, and after fidgeting over them for a long time she gladly availed herself of her mother's permission to "step over" to the new neighbors.

As every door stood open she walked into the kitchen without the ceremony of knocking and crossed the hall, following the baby's wailing cries till she reached the parlor.

Dire confusion reigned there.

Piles of carpets, open packing boxes, furniture, crockery in baskets, barrels and hampers, open trunks, kitchen utensils were thrown down in every available space, and in the middle of the room, seated on a velvet sofa, was a man holding the screaming, squirming atom of humanity, which seemed to be all lungs.

This amateur nurse was young—twenty-five, to be accurate—well looking, with his face flushed and troubled, his handsome shirt dusty and rumpled, his whole appearance showing that he had been working hard, in his shirt-sleeves, until he took that baby.

Josie faced the situation at once.

"Is the baby sick?" she asked. "I live next door, and came over to see if I could help Mrs. ——"

"Mrs. Latimer," he said, promptly, "has met with an accident, and is upstairs; but I cannot quiet the baby, and——"

"Give him to me," said Josie, extending her arms. "There, pretty, pretty, don't cry so! May I take him over to mother? Perhaps he is hungry. We will take good care of him. Baby, baby, hushey, bye, hushey!"

"I will be very much obliged," said the gentleman as loud as he could, for baby was proof against Josie's blandishments and the conversation had to be carried on to outscream his cries.

It did not take Josie long to cross the two small gardens, and carry her new charge to her mother.

"He is hungry, I am sure," she said, deftly mixing milk, water, and sugar, while Mrs. Jameson tried the best she could to pacify the baby.

"Put in a few drops of mint water, Josie," she said, while Josie found a spoon and napkin, and rapidly explained that the mother was hurt.

"There, go over again," she said, as baby signified his approval of the improved state of affairs by eagerly taking the food. "I'll keep the baby."

Upstairs this time, and at the door of the bedroom Josie paused, terrified.

Upon the floor, with some pillows under her head, lay a delicate-looking lady, moaning and evidently badly hurt.

The gentleman Josie had seen downstairs was kneeling beside her, bathing her face with water, his own face pale and anxious, and his voice full of pain, as he called her by endearing names.

"Rosa dear, can't you tell me where you are hurt?" he asked, not seeing Josie. "Rosa, dear?"

Josie did not hesitate a moment.

"I think," she said, coming forward "you had better go for the doctor. I am sorry it is so far, but it is easily found. Turn down to your right, the third street from here and anyone will tell you where Doctor Willard lives. 'One moment," she said, as he was away. "I see you have a bedstead up. Where can I find the bedding?"

"In great bundles on the dining-room floor. You cannot lift them. I will bring one up."

It did not take many minutes to bring up the bundle, put a mattress on the bedstead, and watch Josie as she rapidly covered pillows, spread sheets, and made a comfortable bed.

"Now," she said, "we can lift her, and I will take good care of her until you come back."

There was no time for thanks, and he sped away, while Josie with some difficulty undressed the sufferer, who seemed easier as the clothing she wore was loosened.

Without scruple Josie looked over a trunk till she found a night-dress, and was compensated by the evident relief of her patient.

In a little while the doctor came.

It was a very grave face he lifted at last, saying as he did so:

"The injury is to the spine and brain. How did it happen?"

"I was downstairs," said the gentleman, "when I heard a fall. I think she was trying to hang a picture, but I cannot tell."

"Josie," said the doctor, "come help me here. Will you bring up the black box on the floor of my gig?" and the gentleman hastened away.

For many minutes Josie was kept busy, running home for needful articles, holding the sufferer's head or hands, aiding quickly and intelligently, until the doctor said:

"Now she must not be moved. Give ten drops of this opiate every half hour until she is asleep, and I will see her in the morning."

It was all a whirl until, coming back from seeing the doctor out, the gentleman entered the bedroom, keenly conscious of its improved appearance.

"Have you had any tea yet?" Josie whispered.

"No, nor dinner either."

"Anything to eat in the house?"

"No."

"Suppose you go buy what you want for supper. I will watch here. Can you light the fire?"

"I can."

"Well, light it and I will come down then."

Oddly obedient, the master of the house went to the kitchen, lit the fire, gave one hopeless glance at the confusion, and started to buy provisions.

The patient was still moaning faintly when he returned, and Josie whispered:

"She has just taken the opiate. You watch here and I will go downstairs."

"But," he said, beginning to realize his obligation, "I cannot let you——"

"You take care of your wife," she said, quickly, and was gone, not hearing him repeat, "My wife!"

"Poor little Rosa," he whispered presently. "I hope she is not badly hurt," and then he pressed his lips gently on the little white hand outside the counterpane.

"Well," he thought, looking around him, "that is a lovely girl."

He had leisure to think the subject up pretty thoroughly while Josie went downstairs.

In an hour she had reduced the chaos in the kitchen and dining room to some semblance of order, spread a table and put upon it hot coffee, delicious and fragrant, a smoking beefsteak, and a light omelette.

This occupied a good part of the day, and the next matters improved.

A nurse was found in the village, a servant procured, but the doctor forbade the baby's presence in the sick room.

"Let me keep him," Josie pleaded. "I love children; and he knows me—don't you baby? Kiss his auntie. Bless his sweet face," and so on, baby talk coming as natural as breathing to woman's lips.

So baby became an inmate of the Jameson cottage, and what was more natural than that Mr. Latimer should come over many times a day to ascertain his welfare, while Josie flitted about the Latimer house like a good fairy.

About ten days after she had the baby in the summer-house, when suddenly Mr. Latimer stood in the doorway.

"You want the baby?" Josie said. "Is Mrs. Latimer well enough to see him?"

"Mrs. Latimer is better, and is now asleep," was the reply, "and I have come to make a confession, and implore pardon. You—you think I am Rosa's husband, don't you?"

Josie fairly gasped:

"And are you not?"

"No, I am her brother."

"But your name is Latimer."

"Yes, because my sister married our first cousin. She is a widow, for poor John only lived a little more than a year after he married. Josie, do you not guess what I want to say? I am aware that we scarcely would know each other in so short a time, under ordinary circumstances, but I love you. Josie, will you give me one word of hope?"

She had buried her face in the baby's dress somewhere.

He took both into his arms, however, when a smothered voice said:

"I never can deprive this precious darling of his auntie."

And to this day Josie Latimer maintains that she never would have been so easily won if she had not centred her affections upon that baby.

A Friend having been cited as an evidence at a Quarter Sessions, one of the judges, who had been a blacksmith, desired to know why he would not take off his hat? "It is a privilege," said the Friend, "that the laws and liberties of my country indulge people of our religious mode of thinking in." "If I had it in my power," replied the justice, "I would have your hat nailed to your head." "I thought," said he dryly, "that thou hadst given over the trade of driving nails."

The young lady who "tripped down the stairs" to meet her lover used court-plaster for her injuries.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

FISH IN RUSSIA.—In winter, in Russia, the large pike, salmon, and sturgeon, when exposed to sale are hard as iron with the cold. To protect them from the warmth, in case of sudden thaw, for thawing would deteriorate their flavor, they are covered with snow and lumps of ice, in which they lie cool enough. It is not uncommon for a whole cargo to be frozen into one mass, so that crowbar and pincers are required to get at individual fish.

ISLAMISM.—This is the religion of Mahomet, planned by him in a cave near Mecca, where he employed a Persian Jew, well versed in history and laws, and two Christians, to assist him. With the help of these men he framed the Koran, or the book which he pretended to have received at different times from heaven by the hands of the angel Gabriel. At the age of forty he publicly assumed the prophetical character, calling himself the apostle of God. A. D. 604.

CATS AND BABIES.—A superstition, very prevalent in portions of New England, is, that cats suck the breath of babies; and ancient grandmothers recount how mothers, having left their babies in the cradle, with the cat in the room, have returned to find the baby dead, and the cat purring innocently in the cradle, just as if it had been guilty of nothing contrary to law. In this there is nothing original. It is simply a relic of the days when natural history was one mass of superstition, when bat and beetle were invested with strange instincts of evil; when the owl was a ghoul.

GREAT MEN'S COMPANIONS.—Many great men had an inordinate fondness for cats. Richelieu's special favorite was a splendid Angora, his furry confidant's usual resting-place being his table, among State documents, books, etc. Montaigne, the essayist, used to obtain relaxation by playing with his cat. Colbert, the great French admiral, reared half a dozen cats in his private study, and taught them, after a lengthy display of patience, to perform all sorts of tricks. Fontanelle was very fond of cats, and used to place a particular old "Tom" in an armchair and deliver an oration before him.

GREAT NUMBERS.—For a class of persons that are popularly supposed to live by working on the superstitions and credulities of their fellows, the gypsies are themselves singularly superstitious. Some gypsies set their boots crosswise when they go bed, fancying thereby to keep away the cramp; a female gypsy carried the skeleton of a mole's foot, which she called a "fairy boot," because she believed it good against rheumatism; and it is a standing truth among them that babies in teething should wear a necklace made of myrtle stems which, for a boy must be cut by a woman; by a man, for a girl.

MOONLIGHT.—Many scientists are firm believers in the influence of the moon on man as on all things mundane. The atmosphere being attracted by the moon the same as the waters of the ocean, only to a much greater extent, the effects are produced by the aerial tide which are generally attributed to other causes. One writes that some years ago, while on the west coast of Africa, he one night slept on the deck of a vessel under the rays of a full moon, and the result was that he was totally blind for three days. The bad effect of the rays of the moon appears to have been known, or at least suspected, ages ago. In the Psalms, we read: "The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night."

THE PALLIUM.—The pallium, which was recently presented by the Pope to the Archbishop of Chicago, is a symbol of innocence, meekness, and humility. It is a white woolen scarf, about three inches wide and about four or five feet long. It is decorated with black Maltese crosses, and arranged over the shoulders in the form of a Y-shaped cross. It is only conferred by the Pope on prelates in important dioceses, and it is considered the most sacred emblem of the higher offices of the Church. It was made in Rome by the sisters of St. Agnes, who brought two young lambs to be blessed at the altar of their patron saint on the 25th of January, her festival. The wool of these lambs was then woven by the sisters, and the material was laid for a day in the sepulchre of the first Roman Pontiff, St. Peter, the Apostle.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY.—In the year 1617, when a priest named Vincent was one day going up the pulpit at Chatillon, a lady who had come to hear him preach detained him for a moment with the request to make mention in his sermon of a poor family living about half a league from Chatillon, where there was much sickness and great need of help. Vincent was asked to recommend this family to the charity of the congregation. This he did with such effect that several people set, on leaving the church, to visit the poor family, and took with them bread, meat, and other things for their relief. After vespers, Vincent went also to visit them, and was surprised to meet so many of the people coming back. His practical at once perceived that the matter had been carried at excess. The poor people had received far more than they could use. Vincent began to think that system and organization were needed. He formed a parochial association, which is the root of the present Sisters of Charity.

TRANSMIGRATION.

BY ALICE L. WOALLEY.

The tiny buds of spring
Sweet blooms to summer bring,
And fruit to autumn's store;
And then their mission's o'er.
The rills to streamlets go—
The streams to rivers flow,
And ever steadily
They journey to the sea.

Time glides swiftly by,
Not heeding you or I—
Not pausing till it be
Lost in eternity.
The infant, in its play,
Soon reaches youth's hey-day;
And manhood's sturdy prime
Bestrides the wave of time.

Thus, as the buds of spring
Together harvests bring,—
And as the minute rills
The mighty oceans fill—
So human lives must blend
In some, great future end;
And, oh! where shall it be—
That end for you and me?

The Bridge of Death.

BY HENRY FAITH.

IN a rich and populous county in Mississippi was once a stretch of woodland so dense that the sun, even during the brightest days of summer, never penetrated its leafy canopy, except where a carriage-way had been cut through its centre, the hills now on either side forming a deep ravine, through which ran a small brook or bayou, the water being only a few inches deep in places, and two or three feet wide.

Over this little straggling stream a rude bridge of logs and planks was thrown.

At all times the air around it was damp, and suggestive of the chills of death, while at night the darkness could almost be felt.

For many years that part of the country had been infested by small gangs of runaway negroes, and all efforts to capture them by the patrol had been ineffectual, owing to the co-operation with the runaways of the negroes on plantations in the surrounding country.

Many a dark deed had been committed at the bottom of the gloomy ravine on this very bridge until at last it came to be called "The Bridge of Death."

At last there was a cessation of horrors. No murder had been committed for nearly a year, and the belated travelers began to breathe more freely if the twilight fell before the bridge was crossed.

About six miles apart, with the fatal bridge between, dwelt two families of planters, bound together by such ties as similar pursuits and grown-up children, of both sexes, on either side, will always cement.

The young people had always kept up a constant intercourse with each other, but, on account of the terrible reputation of the bridge at night, the visits had been of three or four days' duration, and the traveling backwards and forwards had been done in the daytime.

At last George and Mattie, the eldest son and daughter determined to pay their friends a visit, intending to return before nightfall; and accordingly they made an early start in a light barouche, driving a gentle but very fast trotting horse.

The day at the house of their friends was spent as all days must be where youth and light hearts combine to chase time away; and in this instance they did it so effectually that night was darkening the earth before the young people thought of returning home.

Putting aside all solicitations to remain over night, they prepared to depart.

Relying on the trotting qualities of their horse, they hoped to reach home before their mother should grow uneasy at their absence.

It was near nine o'clock before they finally got off; but, once started, they rolled easily and swiftly along until the brow of the hill overlooking the ravine was reached.

Here the horse suddenly stopped still, and no amount of encouragement would induce him to go down the hill.

George alighted, and bidding Mattie hold the reins to prevent their falling about the horse's heels, took him by the bit, and by dint of patting and coaxing, started him down the hill, trembling and shivering with mortal fear.

As soon as her brother left her side, Mattie slid down from her seat and crouched down on the floor of the carriage, holding on to the dash-board, too frightened to speak.

The horse was slowly led to the bottom of the hill; but as he neared the bridge, his terror increased, and with a snort and a bound he shook off George's restraining hand, and, in a moment had thundered over the bridge, and was tearing up the other side of the hill, still snorting with the most extreme fear.

At the first plunge of the maddened animal, Mattie was jerked out of the carriage, and went over the bridge into the brambles and bushes; and, although George groped around in the thick darkness, and called her name repeatedly; not a sign of Mattie rewarded his search; and, although suffering the direst apprehensions he felt that he would be compelled to leave her there, and hurry home for assistance.

The thought of leaving his sister in such a place for a short time even was almost too painful to be entertained; and he began feeling along in the dead leaves beside the bridge, with a last hope of finding her before he left the spot to procure help.

While thus employed, lying flat on the bridge, he touched something that felt like a hand, but larger and heavier than his sister's would be.

He instinctively drew back, and casting his eyes up the hill towards home, saw the welcome light cast from pine torches, and heard the familiar voices of his faithful negroes, and knew that that were searching for him.

To call them to hasten onward was the work of a moment; and with glad shouts and merry laughter, as was the wont of happy negroes under any little excitement, four or five of them, under the lead of the plantation driver, crowded round him, inquiring, "Where is Miss Mattie?"

In a few moments George explained to them what had happened, suppressing the fact that he had felt a strange cold hand under the bridge.

Had he told them, in spite of all their devotion to him and their young mistress they would have turned and fled away as fast as their legs would carry them.

Then began a rapid and vigilant search, and poor Mattie was soon brought to light, tumbled all in a heap, close beside the bridge.

Partly under her, and partly under the bridge, was under another object upon which the red glare of the torches fell with a terrible distinctness.

A man, in the full bloom of early manhood, lay mute and cold, the crushed skull showing too well that the murderers were at their dread work again.

Some of the negroes started to flee at the sight of the ghastly object; but the voice of their master, aided by the driver, recalled them.

Hasty preparations were made to take Mattie away from the hateful spot; and the still insensible girl was sent forward in charge of two men, who carried her alternately in their arms.

The men were ordered to take horse immediately, and ride into the town of Shirley, to arouse the sheriff of the county to come and take charge of the man.

George and three negroes remained and kept solemn watch over the body of the young stranger until the arrival of the officers of the law.

An inquest was held; and then the unfortunate victim was buried near the scene of his last struggle, making the sixth grave on that lonely hillside.

Mattie was not hurt, but had only fainted through fright, when she found herself flung so unceremoniously into the bushes, and, as she was happily ignorant of her ghostly companion under the bridge, it was deemed best to keep the matter a secret from her, and she was immediately sent on a long visit to New Orleans.

The opportune arrival of the negroes on the scene was owing to the fears of a younger sister.

She had bribed them with the promise of coffee and hot cakes in the morning, to go with torches to meet and escort her brother past the fatal bridge.

They had reached the foot of the hill, when the frightened horse, dragging the shattered carriage after him, came dashing down upon them, creating the greatest consternation, for they felt some dreadful accident must have happened.

It was never known who the murdered stranger was.

His pockets had been rifled, and all clue to his identity was lost.

A few days afterwards, a horse, with a remnant of a saddle, was found in the fields; and as no owner could be found, it was supposed to have belonged to the murdered traveler.

After this fearful deed, the bridge was burnt.

Logs and brush were piled into the road, rendering it impassable, and a new one made round this strip of woods, removing forever all possibility of the recurrence of another tragedy on the "Bridge of Death."

The great servant question in England is becoming yet more complicated. A lady engaged a cook and thought herself secure in a personal reference. She had called at the address and had seen the lady who gave the cook an excellent character. A few days afterwards her new employer discovered that the new cook was an infamous character. She turned her away at a moment's notice, and went, full of indignation, to remonstrate with the lady who gave the woman so good a character. On this occasion she saw a very different person, and on reiterating her wish to see the lady of the house, she was answered, "I am Mrs ——," and then the truth came out. It was the lady's maid who had personated her mistress and given the character. The cook had been sent away in disgrace.

Dread of night air is folly.

"MANLY" EXERCISES.

IN Germany duels between the students at the colleges are quite common. A spectator, in describing them says in the first affair the combatants were not regular students, and therefore not practised hands. They came forward bandaged up, with great ugly shields over their bodies, spectacles over their eyes, and the right arm twice the natural size by reason of the wrappings. They looked extremely uncomfortable, pale and trembling. The etude is to hold up their right arms before starting; they may never lower them below the shoulder. Everything is now ready. A couple of seconds stand behind and hold their swords. "On guard!" "Let loose!" They begin to clash. They fight very badly, slashing at one another as hard as they can; the swords are old, hacked, soft iron things. After some four strokes, "Halt!" is cried. Blood is drawn, then they go at it again, after every four or five hits fresh blood being drawn, and the swords being straightened afresh. So they go on, and the spectacle gets more and more horrible. The blood at first comes trickling down the face on to the collar; then it falls on the shirt, the breast of which becomes sopping. On and on they go, getting very nervously excited, so that one man can scarcely gulp in the water which they give him wherewith to wash his mouth. There are a hundred or more spectators, among whom are two or three women and a little girl and boy. A lot of regular students stand around, with ugly scarred faces. One tall, small headed fellow, with face covered with scars, keeps the time. At last it is decided that they have fought enough and they go out; but there are five more to follow, so we stop for another bout.

This time they are two regular students—practised fighters—one with a red, the other with a light green cap. They have never known one another, but they soon get worked up into frenzy. This duel is even more horrible than the last. One of the combatants is a big, vulgar-looking fellow, his face already badly scarred. The other a little lame man with a hair raised moustache. These slash away some dozen times before they hit. It is announced that the duel is to last thirty minutes, unless a bad hit is made. Again a few small cuts come first, and then more and more. The big man has his lip cut again and again and his forehead and cheek; the little man is even worse. Soon after each round the doctor has to sop up their faces with a sponge. The blood pours down; some students standing by drink beer and eat bread and sausage. They get so tired that after each round they lean down on or sink into chairs, their right arms being still held out. They slash so fearfully hard that their swords strike fire and get bent into semi circles.

This goes on for more than half an hour. I can only see the face of the big man. Its ugliness surpasses anything I have ever seen; his big lips open, the lower one purple, very bloated, and hanging, the nose swollen and bloated, the face a dull red color, save where it was streaked with the dark red blood. His eyes were goggly, staring, and bloodshot, and his hair had been brought over the forehead to stick together the gashes. With such a face he stood limp against a chair, with drooping shoulders, slouching figure, and blood dripping all about him, from his matted hair to the blood dripping nose, the streaming mouth and the red shirt. At last the big man gave the other what they call a deep cut on the forehead and the end is announced; the small fellow was beaten, for he was too weak to go on. I now for the first time see his face. I never saw anything so dreadful. Supported by some students, he hobbled off, more than half his face literally one sheet of blood; the moustache crimson, the black hair rinsed, the collar and breastplate covered with wet and half congealed blood, and underneath the remains of former contests. There were two more to come, but I could stand it no longer and came away.

NAPOLEON'S NOBLES.—If we turn over Napoleon's roll of peers we shall be surprised to find how few among the descendants of that bright band of warriors and sages have made any mark in public life. The once glorious title of Lannes is now chiefly suggestive of a champagne brand. The Junots, Dukes of Abrantes seem to be wholly submerged: and the widow of the original Marshal Junot, who, as a sergeant, sanded with the earth thrown up by a cannon ball the dispatch which he was writing on a gun, at the dictation of Bonaparte, was reduced in her old age to the direst indigence. The existing descendant of Marshal Bernadotte is King of Sweden; but for half a century no active part has been taken in French politics by the descendants of the noted Police Ministers of the First Napoleon. And what has become of the Soults, Dukes of Dalmatia; of the Macdonalds, Dukes of Tarentum; of the Mamelons, Princes of Essling; of the Reguiers, Dukes of Padua; of the Suchets, Dukes of Albufera; of the Dukes of Reggio and Treviso and Dantzic? They all seem now as shadowy beings as Arthur's Knights of the Round Table and the Paladins of Charlemagne.

CURIOSITIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.

APES may be taught to dance. Monkeys never abandon each other when in peril. The rhinoceros can only see what is in a direct line before him. The roes of various kinds of fish contain from 30 000 to 3 686 000 eggs. The lion's teeth are formed rather for destruction than for chewing his food. The finest thread in a spider's web is composed of no less than 4 000 strands. When an ourang-outang dies, the others cover up the body with great branches of trees. There is no animal, however strong and powerful, that the tiger will not venture to attack. The most acute pain will not provoke an elephant to injure those who have not offended him. On a wing of a butterfly have been found 100 000 scales, and on that of a silkworm moth 400 000.

The cavity containing the brain of the rhinoceros is only about half as large as a human skull. With a piece of wood in their hands, or with their fists only ourang-outangs are able to drive off even elephants. The lion's tongue is furnished with reversed prickles so large and strong as to lacerate the skin. In China there is a fish that crosses the meadows at its pleasure from one creek to another, often a mile apart. In a wild state a baboon can easily overpower two or three men, if they are unprovided with weapons of defence. Monkeys are generally peaceable enough among each other, but members of one tribe will drive off intruders from another. The elephant, the rhinoceros, the tiger, and the hippopotamus, are the only animals that are not afraid singly to fight the lion. If the armadillo is in danger of being attacked and happens to be near a precipice it will contract itself into a ball and roll itself over. The flat headed hussar, a fish found in South America, will march in droves over dry land as fast as a man ordinarily walks using its serrated fins for legs. There is in India a species of fish that not only go on shore but climb the fan-palm and seek their insect food among its leaves and branches. A traveler saw in Java a female chimpanzee that made her bed very neatly every day, lay upon her side, and covered with the clothes. A four-fingered monkey in its native state, has been seen to go down to the edge of a stream, rinse its mouth, and clean its teeth with one of its fingers.

The horn of a rhinoceros, when cut through the middle is said to exhibit on each side the rude figures of a man, the outlines being marked by small white strokes. Ourang outangs, in a state of domestication, will sit at a table like men, and eat every kind of food, using the knife and fork; and they will drink wine and other liquors. The herring will travel for weeks at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, without resting. The salmon outstrips the swallow in speed, and the shark outtravels the eagle. The sloth, unequaled for slowness and inactivity, generally lives in the top of a tree. If its tree is at all lofty, it sometimes occupies two whole days in crawling up, and as many in getting down again. In deep seas the whale has been known to assume a perpendicular position, with head downward, and then plunge to the depth of 4 000 or 5 000 feet—a depth where it must sustain a pressure of 200 000 tons. In a state of nature the lion requires about fifteen pounds of raw flesh per day. He prefers the flesh of animals which he has just killed.

THE DEPRAVITY OF BIRDS.—Bird life is far from true happiness, and birds have all the bad qualities of mankind. They are deficient in love for their offspring, and have no more conjugal affection than the traditional rover. Their moral nature is often depraved. They hiss and scold and swear, and exhibit terrible pugnacity. The majority of singing birds have the temper of wasps, and are apparently never so happy as when they are quarreling. A fourth of their lives is passed in scolding and fighting. In their singing season, which is also their time for mating and contention, several pitched battles, fought between candidates for matrimonial life, are of continual occurrence. The females fight furiously for the males, and when the contest is over the conquerors march off with the objects of their choice, unless they are met on the road by other virages and by force compelled to give up their husbands. A male bird will allow two hens to fight for him until one of them is killed, and then with due humility accompany the victor. At this period of the year the woods and the fields are the scenes of desperate battles. Shrieks of triumph or defeat mingle with the love notes of the newly mated. The very songs we hear at day are more the result of rivalry and ambition than of joyous thanksgiving, the feathered songsters being desirous of drowning the voices of others or of excelling them in vocal power in presence of the females.

Not a parlor match: "So you married old Heavipenny's eldest, I hear?" said the friend. "Yes," said young Infortt, "I have." "Good match?" asked the friend. "I guess so," sighed the bridegroom, wearily; "heaps of brimstone to it." And the years go by.

BY THE RIVER.

BY DELF.

I sit by my window and idly watch
  The crowd in the street below me,
While up at the Hall the band to-night
  Is playing Annie Laurie;
And my thoughts turn back to the summer eve
  When together we walked by the river,
And watched the boats as they came and went
  O'er the water's glow and quiver;
In the waning light of the dying day
  We heard the low winds steaning—
The voice of the busy city afar,
  And the church-bells' solemn pealing.

With saddened thoughts, we wandered down
  Through the twilight's fading glory,
To where sweet music rose on the air
  In the strains of Annie Laurie;
And, pausing there in the dreamy light,
  Our hearts attuned to sorrow,
We listened to the dear old air,
  And thought of the coming morrow;
When you to palette and brush would turn,
  Lured by ambition's yearning,
To reach Fame's dizzy height, and I
  My footsteps homeward turning.

While pausing, you looked in my eyes, and said,
  (As tears unbidden started,)
"How touchingly sad and plaintive the strain,
  Like a wail of the broken-hearted;
And whithersoever our footsteps tend,
  Be they far, or near together,
Whenever we hear again we will think
  Of this last hour together."
So memory turns to the summer eve
  The band played Annie Laurie—
When thoughtful we walked by the river's side
  In the twilight's fading glory.

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER XLIII.—(CONTINUED.)

FOR some time after their return home, Lord Rislip and his wife sat moodily silent in the dressing room of the latter; the gentleman waiting for an explanation, the lady puzzling her brain to avoid giving it. That she resolved not to do. No amount of entreaty or anger could have wrung it from her.

"I am waiting, Eleanor," said his lordship coldly.

"My lord!"

"I am waiting," he repeated, "for the key to the enigma which has been acted at the embassy."

"And I, alas, do not possess it."

"I must seek it from Mr. Beacham."

"No, no, recollect, Rislip, he is the father of both—I mean those who were your wives. Surely you can make some allowance for his feelings."

"For his feelings, certainly; but not for insulting you."

"He has not insulted me."

"Pshaw! I am not a child."

"Rislip!" cried the guilty woman passionately, "we have both been deceived. Lucy was really ill, it was no deception—a brain fever—for weeks her life was in danger."

The conscious stricken man turned pale.

"And I am not certain——"

"I know. I understand. Lucy is dead."

Lady Eleanor made no reply. It was a respite to leave him with this impression upon his mind. He had not the courage to make any further enquiry; his conduct presented itself to his mind in all its heartlessness.

"Good night," he said. "God forgive us."

"Amen," replied the hypocrite. "Amen."

Instead of retiring to rest, Lady Eleanor tore from her arms and neck the glistening gems she had worn with so much pride, removed the ball dress, and attired herself in a plain dark costume, then rang for her waiting-maid.

"Elise," she said. "I wish to quit the hotel."

"My lady!"

"No observations, but listen to me. Leave it unobserved. You must assist me, and remain upon the watch till my return. Should my lord approach my chamber, say that I am ill, have fainted, anything to prevent him from entering it."

"Certainly, my lady," answered the wondering abigail. "But you will never venture into the streets of Paris at this late hour?"

"I must," replied the mistress bitterly. "I must."

Elise reflected for some few instants how the departure could be arranged without exciting suspicion in the minds of the servants.

"I have it, my lady. By the back staircase you can descend unperceived; there is no danger of encountering any one. You have only to call, 'Coal,' and the sleepy porter will pull the string. It is the return I am thinking of."

"I must trust to chance for that. Give me my purse."

"There are generally several fiacres at the end of the square."

Throwing a thick veil over her face, the deeply humbled woman quitted the hotel unquestioned, and entering a fiacre, as the waiting maid advised, directed the man to drive to the British embassy in the Rue St. Honore.

Placing a napoleon in his hand, she directed him to wait, telling him it should be doubled if she found him at his post on her return.

"Never fear, *bourgeoise*," answered the man. "I do not meet with such a fare every day."

The lady disappeared.

"*Bourgeoise*," he repeated. "Well, perhaps it was as well to call her so; but I saw the sparklers on her fingers. Well, it is no affair of mine. Jealous, no doubt, or—— If I could leave my seat, I'd watch her."

The object of his curiosity mingled with the crowd attracted by the equipages in the court-yard. They were chiefly of her own sex, anxious to catch a glimpse of the splendid toilettes of the guests as they descended; a few of the more favored ones had been admitted by the porter.

"Back," he said, as Lady Eleanor pressed forward.

An hour or two before, the man had obsequiously called to the coachman in the yard to make way for her carriage to drive up.

A piece of gold silenced his scruples, and she entered.

CHAPTER XLIV.

AS Mr. Beacham quitted the embassy a hand was laid upon his arm. The gentleman did not appear in the least surprised; he expected it.

"I wanted——"

"Not a word," he whispered; "your voice may be recognised. Wait till I can procure a carriage."

"I have one waiting. I cannot rest," said the female, "till I have seen the proofs of the horrible history you have told me."

"I know you would not."

"I must be satisfied at once."

"They are at my lodgings."

"Drive there."

"Consider."

"I can consider nothing but the dreadful uncertainty which, like a viper, is gnawing at my heart," interrupted her ladyship wildly. "If what you have told me is the truth, I have nothing left on earth to lose. If false, bitterly, oh, bitterly shall you repay me for the torture you have inflicted!"

"Did I not tell you," said the gentleman; we will drop names, "that Lucy has offended me beyond forgiveness; but although utterly indifferent to her fate, I am sensative to insult in my own person. That, however, might be atoned."

"How?—how?"

"I am poor."

A faint gleam of light began to dawn upon the mind of the distracted Eleanor.

"Silence, like every other commodity, is to be bought."

"I understand you; we will not speak of the price till I have seen the evidence. Once convinced that you have spoken truly, I will not chaffer as to price. I am rich; independent of the settlement Rislip has made upon me, I have my private fortune, which he cannot touch. My grandfather, who left it to me, secured that."

"A wise precaution," observed Mr. Beacham in a tone of satisfaction.

Had the lady known the mercenary character of the man with whom she had to deal, the probabilities are she would not have been quite so confident.

Arrived at his apartment in the Boulevard des Italiens, the gentleman admitted himself and his companion by means of a private key, first directing the driver to wait. Once in his luxuriously furnished saloon, he opened an escritoire and took from it a bundle of letters, tied with a black ribbon. From the yellow color of the paper they were evidently of no recent date.

Her ladyship eagerly snatched at them.

"Not so hasty. You shall read them one by one."

The first was perused, but the speaker, with his habitual caution, received it back before he entrusted her with a second.

And thus, one by one, the packet was gone through.

"Are you convinced?"

"I am," murmured her ladyship, pale as death. "You have spoken the truth, and I am in your power."

"Completely?"

"Abjectly."

"You shall not find me unreasonable," said Mr. Beacham in a business like tone. "May I ask the amount of income you can command?"

"About two thousand a year."

"And in ready cash?"

"Twice that sum."

"I will deal liberally with you," said the gentleman—we give him the name by courtesy. "Say two thousand down, and a thousand a year during my life."

"And you will give up those letters?" exclaimed Eleanor eagerly.

"No."

She sank back in her chair with a look of bitter disappointment.

"I will suppress them."

"And keep me still at your mercy."

"It is not exactly that," replied the father of Lucy, "though doubtless such a consideration has its weight with me; but it is necessary, should the writer ever return to Europe."

"I understand. Still, if money will compensate for the risk——"

"No money can compensate for it," replied Mr. Beacham. "I am one of those men who enjoy life, and nothing will induce me to peril that enjoyment. I would not consent to exist with that danger hanging over me. Were you to double your offer—quadruple it——"

"You shall receive two thousand pounds in five days."

"Quite satisfactory."

"And the thousand a year regularly."

"Coutts is my banker in England."

"One word before we part. Rislip, as you may suppose, questioned me closely on my return to the hotel respecting the subject of our conversation, the cause of my illness. I was bewildered, and——"

Her ladyship hesitated.

"Told him a falsehood," said the gentleman—he was far too polished to use the word "lie" to a lady. "Very natural. May I ask the precise nature of it, that our stories may agree?"

"I told him that Lucy had been ill with brain fever."

"That, at least, was no fib. My correspondent Dr. Slop, informed me as much in his last letter, and added that her death was expected. But she has recovered," he added, seeing how the eyes of his visitor flashed at the acknowledgment. "Read, and convince yourself."

"True," said Eleanor, handing him back the doctor's letter.

"It is a point with me to speak the truth," observed the gentleman, "unless major interests compel me to keep silent. I will spread such a report that your husband shall not doubt it. It may wring his heart, if he has such a thing."

"If!" repeated the guilty woman.

"I need scarcely to remind Lady Eleanor that it is perfectly possible to exist without one. I speak from experience, both of myself and others."

Mr. Beacham, faithful to his reputation of being a most gentlemanly person, insisted on conducting his visitor back to her hotel. He saw that she had gained admission without any difficulty. He then returned to his lodgings, and slept soundly till the following noon.

"I was right," he said, as he sat at breakfast, "in my calculations. I do require a larger apartment. I will go out and seek one. I want a carriage. I will go to Bartescher and order one. Two thousand will do very well for an outfit, and an additional thousand a year——It is not much; still, with economy——"

This was pretty well from a man who up to that time had never possessed more than four hundred.

"Oh, my lady," exclaimed Elise, "I am so glad you have returned. I cannot tell what I have endured."

Her mistress dropped her purse into her hand.

"Has my lord been?"

"Not once near the chamber," interrupted the waiting maid. "Jefferman, the valet, told me—I saw him only a few moments upon the stairs—that his lordship was pacing up and down his dressing-room like a madman. I hope nothing serious has happened, my lady?"

"I began to think so the moment you returned."

"And why so?"

"Your ladyship looked so much better."

The guilty woman regarded herself in the mirror; the color had returned to her cheek, and something like the old fire of defiance to her eyes.

"Yes," she repeated emphatically. "I am better."

The following day, when the pair whom mutual crime made wretched met at breakfast, a fresh mortification awaited Lord Rislip. Amongst other letters was one from Baraclough. With a bitter laugh he tossed it, after reading it, over to his wife.

"From whom, my lord?"

"Read it; it is from your uncle."

It commenced thus:

"MY DEAR RISLIP—I have not yet recovered my astonishment at your unexpected marriage. ['Unexpected,' repeated his lordship bitterly; 'he had been plotting for it."] It is most unfortunate that it occurred at the moment it did. There is a report of Miss Beacham's death, which I am happy to inform you is incorrect. ["One weight less upon my soul," muttered the miserable man.] Still, it has created great sympathy in her favor, and for the present the Cabinet must forego the aid of your services. A prejudice has been created in the very highest quarter which time only can dissipate. My advice is for you and Eleanor to travel till it has blown over."

"I have been fooled."

"Not by me, my lord; not by me."

"No, Eleanor," said her husband: "I will do you the justice to say that your conduct has ever been straightforward and worthy of yourself. I have been the dupe of my own passions. It was for me to consider the claim of Lucy upon my honor and constancy. She trusted me and I betrayed her. The sensibility you evinced last night," he added, "on hearing of her supposed death has only served to raise my estimation. It was most womanly and generous."

"He loves her still," thought the hypocrite; and the conviction, although she cared but little in the way of affection for the speaker herself, shot a pang through her heart.

"We will leave Paris," exclaimed the peer suddenly.

"Most willingly."

The sincerity of her words was tested by her pretending to fall seriously ill the following day, and keeping her bed for a week; at the end of which time all her arrangements with Mr. Beacham were concluded, and the ill assorted pair set forth upon their travels.

Great was the surprise and pleasure of Frank Beacham and his wife when their old friend Tom Briarly presented himself at their abode in Schwineberg within a week after the time of his leaving England.

"Come to recruit your health," said the former as soon as the first congratulations were over; "you look overworked and jaded. My kind old friend Mr. Quarl has assigned me the easier work of the two."

"Do I look ill then?" inquired the visitor.

Frank and his wife exchanged glances.

"Look ill," repeated Lucy; "you are ill; but we will soon nurse you into health again, and send you back to your uncle strong and sanguine as ever."

"I fear you will not have time to do it in."

"Has anything occurred?"

Tom related with all the delicacy of true friendship the sad result of Lucy's marriage, the dastardly conduct of her husband, her now precarious state.

"Villain!" muttered Frank. "and I not there to defend her!"

Lucy threw her arms around the speaker's neck.

"I would have avenged her," said the young lawyer, "but my relative, with his usual clear headedness, saw the handle that might be made of my interference by her enemies. The tongue of slander would assail even an angel's purity. The world might have misjudged me."

"Not if it knew you as I do."

"But it does not," exclaimed the visitor. "There can be no suspicion of a brother's motive. It is my uncle's wish that you and your wife should return to England instantly, and I am sent to replace you in watching over his client. There is another reason," he continued. "Lucy knows not yet of Lord Rislip's re-marriage with Miss Carlton; Lucy must break the intelligence."

"Poor Lucy!" sighed Frank.

"Her wretched husband is still a greater object of pity. He has cast from his bosom the sweetest flower that ever blossomed for man."

"You speak more like a lover than a friend," observed Frank. "Forgive the remark, I am well aware that your feeling for my sister was merely a fraternal one."

His wife caught the eye of Tom, who blushed deeply. With a woman's instinct she had long since read the true nature of his feelings.

Preparations for the departure of the Beachams were soon made, and three days after the arrival of the messenger of sorrow they quitted Schwineberg on their return to England. Despite the entreaties of Lucy, who foreboded evil, Frank insisted upon taking Paris on his way home.

He had heard that Lord Rislip and his new wife were there, and he determined to call him to account.

"I do not think he will meet you," observed his friend.

"And why not?"

"The tie between you. Your eldest sister was indisputably his lawful wife."

"Has he respected it?"

"No."

"Neither will I. I should loathe, despise myself were I capable of enduring a wrong like this. Should he, as you predict, refuse a meeting, I will insult him, outrage him so publicly, that for very shame he must give me the satisfaction my wounded honor demands."

This, of course, passed them when they were alone. Tom Briarly secretly approved the resolution of his friend. He could not endure the thought of the wrongs of the woman he loved passing unavenged.

Very fortunately for Lucy's peace of mind, the travellers discovered, on their arrival in Paris, that the offender had already quitted it.

Frank had one interview with his father, whom he found installed in a most luxurious apartment in one of the most fashionable quarters of that gay city.

The old man received him coolly, for his first impression was that his son had found out his residence in order to extract some pecuniary assistance.

"You must not judge by appearances," he observed; "my means are limited, very limited, and at my age I require many comforts still beyond my reach."

His son smiled bitterly.

"So if you have called in expectation——"

"Do not lower yourself in your own esteem, and in the presence of your son, sir," interrupted the visitor, "by any useless deception. My means are more than sufficient for my simple tastes. Had I found that you really required it, I should have known my duty, and offered freely to share them with you."

"Very kind, Frank; very dutiful and proper."

"I came to seek Lord Rislip."

"Sad affair! sad affair!"

"But the villain, I find, has left Paris. I am now returning to seek my sister, to support her in her great sorrow, to console and defend her."

"How defend her?"

"By establishing her claims."

"Impossible," repeated Mr. Beacham, who for many reasons wished the subject to die what he called a natural death. "The law is most explicit. You can do nothing."

"At least I will expose her husband, who practised an infamous deception upon her inexperience."

"You see what comes of disobedience, Frank," said his father, speaking in his old didactic tone. "Had your sister consulted me this disgrace would have been avoided."

"You were not to be found, sir. She wrote repeatedly."

"She should have waited; but there, I will not sermonize. Your own marriage appears to have turned out less unfortunate than I expected. When do you leave?"

"To night."

"Sorry I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you again. I dine at Colonel Mowbray's. *Au revoir.*"

And thus father and son parted—probably never to meet again.

"Frank has grown a fine young man," said Mr. Beacham to himself, "and his manners are really not so very rustic. The bow might be improved. The fool, to throw himself away upon a mere ballet girl with his advantages. Had he been guided by me, I would have married him to one of the best fortunes in England. He will find it all out in time. Youth! youth!" he added; "we never understand its advantages till it is too late to profit by them."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE arrival of Frank and his kind-hearted little wife in England proved a great source of consolation to Lucy, who felt that she had one protector to sustain her. In the deep sympathy of her brother she found the only alleviation for her sorrow a gentle nature like hers was capable of receiving. Her eccentric relative was too violent in her indignation at the unnatural conduct of the earl. In her wrath, she spoke of nothing less than her cousin proceeding at once to the House of Lords, and denouncing his infamy at the bar; even proffered in her zeal to go herself, and tell their lordships her opinion of their colleague.

It is a great relief to some people to speak their mind.

"My dear madame," observed Frank, who saw at once the absurdity of such a step. "It would not be permitted. The House would refuse to hear you."

Madame Pishert regarded him earnestly

"Might possibly order your arrest," he added.

"I wish it would," replied the lady; "it only requires an act of tyranny like that to rouse the spirit of every true Englishwoman. Alas! that their spirit should want raising I see a great opportunity, my love," she continued, "of vindicating the wrongs—the bitter wrongs of our sex. No sooner does a woman accept the name of wife, than—unless she has had the good sense to protect herself, as I did, by a perpetual settlement of her property—she becomes a chattel—worse, a slave. It is enough to encourage immorality, only to think of a woman becoming a chattel."

"Not quite so bad as that," interposed Mr. Quarl, who was present at the conversation, but wisely forbore offering his opinion till the speaker had exhausted either logic or her breath. It scarcely mattered which. "Your advice, my dear madame," he began, "would be excellent as your sound judgment generally is, but for one little objection."

"Objection sir!"

"It is simply impossible."

"I would trample on impossibilities in such a cause"

"In the first place, no lady, during the sitting of the peers, is admitted into the body of the house."

"I would speak from the gallery then"

"It is latticed in."

"The tyrants! and this is free England."

"In the next," said the lawyer, "at the first sound of your voice you would be committed to the custody of the Black Rod."

"I should not be the first British female who had found immortality from the scourage of the oppressors," observed the lady with great dignity.

"True, my dear madame; very true," replied Mr Quarl with the utmost gravity; "a most profound remark, and shows your intimate acquaintance with history—*vide* Goldsmith," he mentally added. "but unhappily times are changed. We live in modern times, an age of legality."

"Say rather of infamous thraldom."

Finding that her advice was not to be followed, Madame Pishert rose with great dignity, adjusted her spectacles, and after kissing Lucy, whom she designated as her sex's martyr, walked majestically out of the room

"Thank Heaven! she is gone," ejaculated the lawyer in a tone of relief; "we can now talk reasonably. Your cousin is a Guido Faux in petticoats, and I really believe she would blow up the House of Lords. The inclination is not waiting, only the opportunity. Strong minded—very."

And the old man laughed at his conceit.

"Surely," interrupted Frank, "there must be some redress for an infamous wrong like this. If not, justice is a mockery, and law an empty farce."

"Be patient, my young friend; be patient."

"Patient!" repeated the brother of Lucy; "the very thought of this man's cold heartless villainy maddens me Look at the wreck he has made of my sister."

The lawyer wiped his eyes

"If legal means of redress should fail," continued the speaker, "Lord Rislip shall account to me. If powerless to protect, I can at least avenge her."

"By calling his lordship out?"

Frank made no reply.

"Setting the life of an honest man against that of a bad one," continued the speaker. "No, no, my dear boy; you must do nothing so absurd, so unreasonable. Recollect you have a wife and children."

Lizzy crept nearer to her husband, and drew his arm gently round her neck. The mute appeal softened him, but did not shake his resolution.

"You must promise me," continued the friendly adviser; "to abandon all idea of such a proceeding. Ten to one but his lordship would refuse the meeting"

"Upon what plea?"

"That he was at least the husband of your eldest sister."

"The coward!" exclaimed Frank passionately. "In that case I would horsewhip him publicly, heap infamy upon his head, brand him as a——"

"Not for me," interrupted his sister, yielding to a passionate flood of tears; "oh! not for me. Should such a scene occur it would kill me. All I ask, all I desire, is to vindicate my name. Leave his punishment to Heaven. Sooner or later it will overtake him. I seek, I ask not an avenger."

"The vindication of your name, dear Lady Rislip," said Mr. Quarl, "for by that title I must still address you, fortunately is within your power, but it will require nerve, courage, and fortitude."

"I am ready."

* * * * *

A fortnight after the return of Frank to England, Lady Rislip, attended by her solicitor and her brother, made application at the chief police court for a warrant against her husband upon a charge of bigamy. The magistrate, who had read an account of his lordship's second marriage, appeared surprised, the papers having fully stated the fact of his marriage with the two sisters.

"The charge is a most serious one," he observed.

Lucy, who had been instructed by the lawyer, made no reply.

"Was not his lordship married to your elder sister?"

"It has been alleged so."

"Are you not aware that such is the case?"

"No"

It was now Mr. Quarl's turn to speak.

"No certificate of the marriage has ever been produced," he observed. "If ever it took place, it was when my client was a mere infant; in fact, she never saw her husband till they met in Germany. Of course, I know not whether his lordship can establish such a claim. If he can, it will only add to the infamy of his conduct. My client claims to be the only Countess of Rislip"

"You must be aware," observed the magistrate, "that we cannot try that question here."

"Perfectly so," replied the lawyer. 'Our first step towards establishing the rights of my deeply injured client is by a criminal proceeding. The onus of proving his first marriage rests with the accused. Should he succeed in doing so, he will only blast his name as one of the most heartless scoundrels in existence, heap infamy upon his own head, for he must have known, at the very time he sought and won her affection, of her legal barrier to an honorable union. Her ladyship has no legal knowledge that the man she married had ever been the husband of her sister, and on that ground we apply for the warrant against him."

"Where is the accused?" inquired the magistrate.

"Travelling upon the Continent with Miss Eleanor Charlton, falsely calling herself Lady Rislip."

"Are you provided with the certificates of the two marriages?"

Mr. Quarl produced them.

It was not without considerable hesitation that the magistrate granted it.

"It is the first step to the vindication of your fair fame," observed Mr Quarl, when once more seated with his client in the drawing room at Minerva Lodge.

Poor Lucy tried hard to mutter a few words expressive of the gratitude she felt for his exertions; but her courage failed, and she burst into a flood of tears.

Frank Beacham turned aside to conceal the grief that unmanned him.

"Courage!" whispered Madame Pishert; "courage! The world at least will know what a villain his lordship has been. The exposure is worth something."

Lucy looked towards the cradle in which her boy was sleeping It was for his sake, and that, when he arrived at man's estate she might meet his gaze without a blush, she had nerved herself for the painful task As far as her own feelings were concerned, the heartbroken victim would willingly have concealed her wrongs, and, like the stricken deer, buried herself in solitude and silence

"I fear," observed the lawyer, speaking very softly, "that, with the satisfaction of exposing your husband's treachery, the redress for your unmerited, cruel injuries will end. I can see no other redress," he added.

"And this you call justice!" exclaimed Madame Pishert indignantly.

"No, madame; I call it nothing of the kind," replied the old man; "but, unfortunately, it is the law—unjust, iniquitous, and unchristain."

It was a terrible blow to Lord Rislip and the haughty Eleanor when the English papers informed them of the steps which had been taken by the outraged wife The guilty husband would have remained abroad, but the lady insisted on his return to England. Her pride as well as interest demanded it.

"The absurd pretensions of this woman," she urged, "must be set at rest for ever, my lord. I cannot follow her example, and consent to bear a disputed title."

The unhappy man, who by this time bitterly regretted his heartless conduct to the woman he still loved, would have temporized. He lacked the moral courage to face the obloquy he foresaw impending over him. It was the only punishment of his crime that could possibly overtake him—he knew that well enough; but to one of his sensitive impressionable character, it was a terrible one.

"Wait!" continued the lady with passionate vehemence; "can you hesitate? Is this your love for me? Weakness! weakness! but I shall be true to myself, and return at once to England to meet the charge."

"You!"

"It would, indeed, be a misfortune," added Eleanor with a sneer, "if both of us proved cowards."

"Ungenerously urged, madam," said the earl, "but you shall have your wish. I will return and meet the obloquy I so justly merit."

"Rislip! husband!"

"Back!" said his lordship, repelling her caress. "In the midst of my shame, I shall have one consolation. There will be one person in the world who has not the right to despise me—my wife; she knew how basely I had acted."

Having carried the point, it was no part of her ladyship's policy to irritate him further, and she, artful woman, employed every species of blandishment to reconcile him to the task of confronting public opinion.

It was not a pleasant one.

On their journey home they rested two days in Paris, where Lord Rislip had summoned his lawyer to meet him.

As a matter of course, Eleanor was present at the consultation.

"Nothing can be clearer," observed the man of law, when the certificates of the two preceding marriages were laid before him "The charge of bigamy must fall to the ground."

The eyes of her ladyship sparkled with triumph.

"I am perfectly aware of that," replied his client.

"Still," continued the speaker, "it might be advisable, to avoid all further scandal, to effect some kind of compromise. I really think the unfortunate lady ought to be provided for. Great sympathy has been excited in her favor. The press is quite unanimous."

"Curse the press!" interrupted the peer, who had been fearfully goaded by the articles he had read in the public papers condemning his conduct.

The legal adviser shrugged his shoulders.

"The most liberal settlements have been offered," added the speaker

"And rejected?"

"With scorn."

"It would be childish to repeat the offer," observed the lady; "and useless," she added.

"The last consideration is unanswerable," said the lawyer. "I fear there is nothing left but to brave it out. You have the law upon your side, and, as far as consequences are concerned, can have no cause of fear. Return at once."

Lady Rislip, on hearing the decision, quitted the room, and, ordering her carriage, quitted the hotel. She had an important visit to pay.

"I would avoid it," said her husband as soon as he found himself free from her presence, "for I feel my conduct in this affair has not been quite—that is, altogether blameless." Oh! self! self! What a delicate way we have of varnishing our sins before we look at them. "Who is Miss Beacham's legal adviser."

Strange to say, he did not blush as he designated Lucy by that name.

"Mr. Quarl, my lord."

"Do you think he might be induced to influence his client? You understand me?"

"Perfectly, my lord."

"Money would be no object," added the guilty man.

"Of that I am aware, but, strange to say, although a lawyer, the offer would be useless—worse, weakness. He is one of those impracticable persons whom no amount of temptation would induce to tamper with their duty. He would expose the offer in open court, a conscientious fool."

There was a time when the speaker would not have ventured on being thus cynical in his language and opinions with his wealthy and noble client.

"I need not observe, my lord," he continued, "that I was perfectly aware of the nature of the business upon which your lordship summoned me to meet you in Paris, and that I have given it the best consideration in my power during the days I passed here waiting your arrival I have not been idle. I discovered that the father of Miss Beacham is residing here."

"I am aware of the fact Proceed."

"May I ask if you are acquainted with his means?"

"Nothing beyond the fact that they are extremely limited."

The lawyer looked surprised.

"Although of a good family," continued the earl, "I considered my marriage with his eldest daughter to a certain extent a *mesalliance*, and upon her death dropped all correspondence with him."

"Hence his ignorance of your accession to the peerage."

"Exactly so."

"You speak of his means being limited," resumed the man of law. 'Strange! he lives in quiet but excellent style; you will not see a better equipage upon the Boulevards!"

"Indeed!"

"He is a member of more than one club."

"He must have received some sudden accession of fortune," observed the peer in a tone of indifference.

"And from all I can learn," continued his adviser, "since his discovery of his youngest daughter's marriage; some persons have attributed the change to the gaming-table."

"Possibly."

"I know that he plays."

"And what has this to do with the affair?" demanded his client.

'Simply this: that if his resources arise from play he might be bought over. His appearance in your behalf might give a less odious—pardon the word, I should have said a less unfavorable color to the whole affair."

"Have you seen him?"

"Not at present. I waited your lordship's permission."

"See him," said the earl after a few moments' reflection. "His evidence cannot affect the decision of the case—that is beyond a doubt; but, as you say, it might give a less unfavorable appearance. You will find him cunning, selfish, and if my impressions serve me rightly, unscrupulous where he sees an advantage to be made."

"Were you in the habit of receiving letters from him during the life of your first wife?"

"Occasionally."

"Did he in those letters ever mention his younger daughter?"

"I think not."

"The course of defence against the moral accusation then, my lord, is clear," said the lawyer. "The similitude of names struck you as a matter of course, but you had no suspicion of the relationship which rendered your second union illegal. It is the only chance of avoiding the charge of deception."

"Impossible," said his lordship, pacing the apartment. "On the first discovery I wrote to Lucy, confessed the struggle I had endured between honor and affection, acknowledged the concealment"

"And you think Miss Beacham has preserved that letter?"

"I have no doubt of it"

The man of law bit his lip with vexation.

"In your lordship's position it was a most imprudent act," he observed. "More men have been ruined by letter writing than by their actual deeds. If that letter could be obtained——"

"Accomplish that," exclaimed the guilty man hastily, "the odium would be materially lessened."

"It would be expensive."

"*Carte blanche*," said his lordship.

"I will try," replied the man of law; "and now, my lord, good morning. I will call upon Mr Beacham since I have your authority to do so He will be a most important witness either for or against you Under any circumstances," he added, "I presume your intention of returning to England remains unchanged."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A writ of attachment—A love letter.

THE ORIGIN OF FAIRIES.

At an early period of the present or recent epoch Northern Europe was inhabited by a race of men who used weapons and tools of polished flint and other hard stones. These men, whom we call by the name of Neolithic, or New Stone, must be carefully distinguished from the far earlier savages who clipped very rude weapons, beside etching the curious sketches of reindeers and mammoths on horn and ivory which are found in so many French caves. These men belong to a remote antiquity, when the animals which roamed over Europe were of very different types from those which now inhabit it, and when a single race of wholly unvaried savages spread throughout the whole surface of the whole navigable globe. But the Neolithic men were far more advanced in all useful arts, and had progressed a long way on the upward path towards civilization. They were probably coeval with the earliest Egyptian culture; and so, by comparison with their predecessors, they may be considered as almost modern and historical personages.

In stature, these Neoliths (for we may as well give them a name) were short and broadly built, as we know from their bones. A man of five feet six was a giant among them, and one of just five feet was not accounted short; while some of them reached only to four feet ten.

Most of our knowledge of the Neoliths is derived from the study of the tombs, of which a large number may still be found. Each tumulus is the burial-place of some Neolithic chieftain. The barrows in question consist, as a rule, of a long mound or heap of earth, covering and enclosing a chambered tomb. They were constructed by building first a hut of huge unwrought stones, set on edge, and then placing other large slabs across them on top. Into the house thus formed, which probably represented the home of the dead chieftain during life, they laid the body for burial, in a crouching posture, as they usually slept. Then they built up a long entrance or passage, and covered the whole with a great mound of loose earth. Sometimes they put a few large stones on top to mark the place, and surrounded the whole mound with a wall and a ring of rude obelisks, as many in number as the enemies whom the dead chieftain had slain.

So far, we seem to have done very little towards identifying the elves or fairies with the Neolithic ghosts. But we can easily see the beginning of the transforming process when we remember that Europe was overrun some four thousand years since by a new and intrusive race, the Celts. These Celts seemed to have been themselves armed with stone weapons, but at a very early date they learnt to manufacture weapons of bronze. In Britain at least, and probably elsewhere, the Celts are distinguished from the earlier race as a bronze-using from a stone using people. Now, we know from their remains that the primitive Celts were a tall and muscular set of men, very different in stature and appearance from the small Neoliths, into whose country they came. There was a constant warfare between the two races, and slowly the Celts spread over the whole of Western Europe, either as colonists or else as a ruling caste. But the Celts did not destroy the tombs of the elder chieftains, though these are different in shape from their own barrows. They would have been afraid to do so, for fear of bringing upon themselves the wrath of the ghost. Indeed superstitious and ignorant people everywhere are very chary of moving or desecrating a tumulus. In this way, and owing to these feelings, the tombs of the Neolithic age have been generally preserved as objects of superstitious dread for so many centuries throughout the whole of Western Europe.

Now comes in the origin of fairies. As the ghosts which haunted these early tombs were small and swarthy, they came to be thought of as little people who dwelt underground, and there wrought curious utensils of stone and amber, or guarded hidden treasures, such as are sometimes found in the barrows. And as the tendency is for myths always to exaggerate, so that tall races grow into giants, and small races grow into dwarfs, the inhabitants of the Neolithic tumuli grew to be regarded as a very tiny set of spirits indeed. Moreover, as ghosts of a hostile, though conquered, race, they were dreaded rather than reverenced, and they became objects of a curious but not very intense fear. Their small size, indeed, and the tradition of their helplessness prevented the legend from representing them as really formidable; but they were regarded as at the root of all petty mischief whatsoever. It was they who curdled the milk, who dried up the teats of the cows, or who led men astray of nights. They were a jealous little people, who bore ill-will towards any man that spoke badly of them, and who resented any slight to their dignity with marked ill temper. They made the children sick, and they plagued the cattle with murrains. They spoilt the water in the wells and burnt up the corn in the fields. In short, they did all the harm that hostile ghosts could do, considering their small stature and their consequently slight power of doing injury.

Scientific and Useful.

TELEPHONE ALARMS.—The Belgian Telephone Company have made arrangements so that any of the subscribers leaving word any evening may be awakened at any hour the next morning by means of a powerful alarm.

AIR CLOCKS.—There is an effort making in England, to test the system of compressed air clocks, which have been introduced into Paris, and of which long descriptions with pictorial illustrations have appeared in scientific and mechanical journals. Ten stations are proposed for the British metropolis.

COOKING BY ELECTRICITY.—As a matter of fact the electric current is as well-fitted to produce heat as it is to produce light, and just as electricity will, in all probability, be made to yield the principal artificial light of the future, so will it doubtless be applied to household heating. The same machines which light the house by night will heat and cook by day, besides performing other duties, such as driving a coffee mill or a sewing machine.

PHOTOGRAPH DETECTIVES.—A contrivance called the Detective Camera was lately brought out in London. Its purpose is to enable a person to take photographs of any desired subject, without anybody but himself being cognizant of the operation. In outward appearance it resembles a square case, and can be disguised as a portmanteau, a shoe-black's box, or even a book. The operator places it upon the ground, or holds it under his arm, the pressure of a pneumatic ball opening or closing the hidden lens at the required moment. Several scenes have been thus secured, which bear evidence that the models had no idea that their images were being so stolen.

STEAM POWER.—A calculation has been made of the extent to which steam power has been developed. England derives from her wealth of coal 9 000,000 horse power; the United States, 7,500,000; Germany, 4 000 000; France, 2 000 000, Austria 1 500 000. These figures do not include the locomotive force, which, taking the number of locomotives in both hemispheres to be more than 165,000, and the mileage 720 000 more—must have 30 000 000 horse power. All the machines and engines worked by steam in the world is estimated at 80,000 000 horse power. Each horse power is equal at least to the strength of ten men, and the steam power of the globe represents a daily working power of 800 000 000 men.

FROZEN ANIMAL LIFE.—German physiologists have been experimenting to ascertain the best mode of restoring frozen animal life, and they announce that the hitherto accepted theory that persons who have been exposed too long to extreme cold should not be brought into contact with warmth except by slow degrees is wholly erroneous. Dogs were frozen by artificial applications of cold until breathing and pulsation had almost wholly ceased, and then attempts were made to restore twenty of them in a cold room, twenty in a warm room, and twenty in a bath of warm water. Of the first, fourteen died; of the second eight; of the last, none. The warm bath brought about restoration in a remarkably short time.

Farm and Garden.

THE STABLE.—Keep your horse stable dark in summer and you will save many a bushel of oats and a great percentage on your blacksmith's bill.

CARE OF PLANTS.—Lice may be destroyed by dipping the plants in hot water, so hot that the hand can just bear it and no more. Dip them in and turn them out again instantly, and repeat it two or three times. It will not hurt the plants.

FLORAL DECORATIONS.—Hanging floral decorations in pots or baskets should be placed where they can have abundance of light and sunshine, and not near the stove or register. If the light comes from one side, the basket ought to be turned every day.

HINTS.—Strong brine if applied early in the season, will destroy quack grass and the thistle. Charcoal pulverized and mixed with water is highly recommended for relieving cattle suffering from any derangement of the stomach, such as bloat or hoven, etc.

BLIGHT.—Take a pail of cold spring water, the colder the better; add thereto a piece of salt about the size of a walnut, not larger, and syringe or rose-trees when the sun is hot upon them. The salt and water will cleanse the tree from blight better than anything yet tried.

SOOT.—Soot contains a large amount of ammonia when first brought from the chimney. Soot also absorbs ammonia after it has been spread upon the land; it also contains a large quantity of creosote, which is useful in destroying insects, besides being an excellent fertilizer for all kinds of crops.

COWS.—The care of cows during the hot season is one of prime importance to the dairyman. This is the season when they necessarily shrink in the quantity of milk given unless properly fed and looked after. The results attained by those who take pains to keep up the flow of milk in their herds show that it pays to supplement the food taken in pastures by regular feeding in the stables. You cannot get milk unless the animal has food to make it from.

MUD AND SAUCERS.—Take any common saucer or plate, into which put sand to the depth of an inch or so, then prepare cuttings in the usual manner in the sand close enough to touch each other. The sand is to be watered to bring it to the condition of mud. The saucer with the cuttings is then placed on the shelf of the greenhouse, in the hot-bed, or in the sunny window of any room in the dwelling house; in each case fully exposed to the sun and never shaded. But one condition is essential to success—until cuttings become rooted, the sand must be kept continually saturated with water, and always in the condition of mud. To do this the saucer must be watered at least once a day with a very fine watering-pot, and the watering must be done very gently, else the cuttings may be washed out. There is every probability that at least ninety per cent of all the cuttings put in will take root, provided they were in the proper condition, and the temperature has not been lower than sixty-five degrees nor above one hundred degrees. The cuttings will root (according to kinds and the temperature) in from six to twenty days. Verbenas, heliotropes, fuchsias, etc., root in a week, white roses, carnations, or azaleas take two, three or four weeks. When rooted they should be potted in light soil, in pots from two to three inches in diameter, and treated carefully by shading and watering for two or three days.

New Publications.

Henry A. Sumner & Company, of Chicago, announce for publication on May 14th a new poem in ten cantos, entitled, "Madaline," by A. Mabel R. Fitch. It is written in an easy, flowing style of blank verse. The story is one of absorbing interest, with much of pathos, poetry, and power.

"The chief use of a book of synonyms is to enable one to choose the appropriate word, which for the moment he cannot recall, whenever he wishes to vary a form of expression or to speak with greater precision," says Mr. L. J. Campbell, the author of a small pocket volume under the title of "Handbook of English Synonyms." This is as clear a definition of the value of such a work as can be given. Such a work cannot make good writers out of bad ones, but it may once in a while be of assistance to a good writer at times when the brain feels jaded and the current of his thoughts runs sluggishly along. Mr. Campbell's book contains 40 000 words, yet it is of convenient size to carry in one's pocket. Published by Lee & Shepard. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

There are many books published for the use of the higher elocution classes in colleges, etc., but "Advanced Readings and Recitations" seems to be a particularly useful volume for those for whom it is intended. The pieces selected embrace almost the entire wide field of English literature. There is variety enough to suit all tastes, and it will be appreciated everywhere. Lee & Shepard, publishers, Boston. For sale by Lippincott & Co., this city.

"The Woman in Black" is much out of the ordinary track. The title is suggestive of mystery and grief, and the story is that of a sharp, handsome, ambitious woman, who has determined to win a rich English nobleman for a husband, and shrinks at nothing to attain that end. The incidents are dramatically worked up, with unusual power, and the various phases of English society, in high and low life, are graphically sketched, and poetical justice is finally meted out to all. It is published in a large duodecimo volume, paper cover; price, 75 cents. T. B. Peterson & Bros., this city.

"Gleanings in the Fields of Art" is a book that may be read with profit and interest by all. It is not in the nature of a dry disquisition upon the subject, but consists of a series of readable and fresh essays which truly bear out the title. The ideas are good and well expressed, with just such a selection of examples, anecdotes, references, etc., as make entertaining and not too heavy reading. The book comprehends chapters on art generally, abstract and applied; Greek Art, early Christian Art, Byzantine Art, Restoration of Art in Italy, Michel Angelo, Spanish Art, French Art, Albert Durer, Old German Art, American Art, English Art, and contemporaneous art. Thus it will be seen to include something from the entire field. Those who are necessarily compelled to be concise, and at the same time desire to be particular in their choice of works on this subject, will find this book extremely valuable. It is issued elegantly bound and finely printed. Published by Lee & Shepard. For sale by Lippincott & Co. Price, $1 50.

MAGAZINES.

The April number of The Magazine of Art opens with a fine frontispiece engraving of "The Forbidden Book," from the painting by M. Karl Gorus. "The Dulwich Gallery" is described by Henry Wallis, with engravings—Guido's "St. John Preaching in the Wilderness," Murillo's "Two Spanish Peasant Boys," and Reynold's "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse." George Alfred Rogers continues his papers on "Wood Carving," with four illustrations. There is a paper on "Italian Modern Sepulchral Art," with a description of the Campo Santo in Genoa. Alfred Beaver writes about "Symbolism in Art," with ten illustrations. "A Sketch of Leon Bonnat," by Alice Meynell, is the subject of the series, "Our Living Artists," with his portrait and engravings of some of his pictures. "A Roman Majolica Manufactory" is described by F. A. Trollope. E. Ingres Bell has a paper on "Architectural Sculpture." John Oldcastle contributes "A Story of an Artist's Struggle." The other contents are: A full page picture of the painting, "Young Troubles," by George Knorr; "The Ideal in Ancient Painting;" "The Story of an Odd Picture;" "The Royal Scotch Academy Exhibition;" "The Lizard," from the picture by M. Antoine Felix Boorse; and Art Notes. Published by Cassell, Petter and Galpin, New York.

The concluding part of Professor Georg Ebers' admirable Archæological novelette, "A Greek Idyl," appears in the May number of Appleton's Magazine. Helena Faucit Martin's papers "On Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters," are continued, Desdemona being the present subject. There is a searching and effective paper on Byron, by Matthew Arnold, and an article on "Keble and Dr. Newman," by James Anthony Froude. "Madame de Staël," "The Metternich Memoirs," and an article on Thompson, the new English poet, form the critics' reviews. "Art Needlework" is discussed by Lady Alford, Vice President of the Royal School of Art Needlework, and G. F. Watts, R. A. A readable paper on King Lear, and a short story called Robert Wyeth, complete the chief contents. The other articles and the Departments are equally attractive.

The May number of Scribner's Monthly is now ready. It opens with a paper by John Muir on the "Wild Sheep of the Sierra," in which the habits and physical characteristics of these peculiar animals are described with both pen and pencil. E. E. Martin continues his very readable sketches, which come under the head of "In and Out of London with Dickens." Don. C. Seitz recites the life story of Artemus Ward; and Rosalind A. Young has a readable paper on the history of the "Mutineers of the Bounty." Ralph Waldo Emerson's "Impressions of Thomas Carlyle in 1848" are now published for the first time; and George Saintsbury reviews, with a fine discrimination, Carlyle's literary work. Other papers are on the "Sanitary Condition of New York," on the life and Customs of the Esquimaux, and on the British Post Office Savings Bank System. Sir Julius Benedict also has an entertaining article on Jenny Lind. A new serial by George W. Cable is begun in this number, and there are some good short stories.

The Popular Science Monthly for May contains: "The Story of a Balloon," by Prof. David S. Jordan; "Physical Education," by Felix L. Oswald, M. D.; "Mineral Springs of Saratoga," by C. F. Fish; "Action of Radiant Heat on Gaseous Matter," by Professor John Tyndall, F. R. S.; "Another World Down Here," by W. Mattieu Williams; "Origin and Structure of Volcanic Cones," by H. J. Johnston-Lavis, F. G. S.; and many other interesting articles, with the various departments. This magazine is so well known that praise is superfluous. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

During a recent voyage a sailor was washed from his vessel. He was recovered, however, in a half-drowned condition, and the doctor ordered him, as a stimulant, a glass of brandy. During the trip the ship threatened to be left entirely crowless, by the number who were constantly falling overboard. This unaccountable mystery only cleared when the doctor stopped prescribing liquor for the sailors.

It is unhealthy to wear your boots in the house after 1 o'clock A. M. The common plan is to remove them in the hallway, but many of our most experienced husbands prefer the front steps. Always take a boot in each hand when going upstairs. This plan gives you two shots at the cat after stepping on her. Never say anything to your wife on these occasions except "yes" and "no." Eating cloves is apt to impede the speech.

The Doctors Disagree

as to the best methods and remedies, for the cure of constipation and disordered liver and kidneys. But those that have used Kidney-Wort, agree that it is by far the best medicine known. Its action is prompt, thorough and lasting. Don't take pills, and other mercurials that poison the system, but by using Kidney-Wort restore the natural action of all the organs.—New Covenant.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

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G. G. STODDART, 312 Stock Exchange Place, Philadelphia, broker in stock privileges, negotiates stock privileges in large or small lots at close rates, and operates against the same if desired. Buys and sells in New York or Philadelphia. Miscellaneous securities for cash or on margin, in lots to suit. Commission moderate. Correspondence solicited.

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When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by mentioning the Saturday Evening Post.

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With the convulsing, spasmodic tortures of fever and ague and bilious remittent, when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, acknowledged to be a real curative of malarial fevers, will eradicate the cause of so much suffering. No less effective is this benignant alterative in cases of constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, rheumatism, and in general debility and nervous weakness. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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SIXTIETH YEAR.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 14, 1881.

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THE JUST MAN.

WE often hear of "the man who is always just," but whether any such absolutely perfect being exists, nobody knows. Yet there are persons who are habitually spoken of as just, that most of us know. Some people think that justice applies exclusively to money transactions and dealings in business. But this is a very restricted and imperfect view of what constitutes justice.

It lies quite as much in the habit and manner of speech as in the making and fulfilment of contracts. What does it avail if a debtor promptly pays you, but at the same time filches away your good name? He who makes a baseless insinuation against a neighbor's integrity or honor, in any way business or social, is guilty of an injustice which is atrocious and monstrous in comparison with the petty depredation of the despicable thief who breaks into his granary and surreptitiously carries away his corn.

Every just man is among the treasures of the community in which he lives. He constitutes one of the columns on which society reposes. He imparts a feeling of strength and security. Those around him feel that property and reputation are both safe in his keeping. He contributes to the comfort, the brightness, the happiness of human life.

Some persons are born with a strong natural instinct to be just. But it is also a habit of mind which may be increased and improved by study and reflection, and which should be sedulously cultivated. Recall, at night, not only your business transactions, but what you have said of those whom you have spoken during the day, and weigh in the balance of conscience what you have said.

If you have done full justice in all your remarks, it is well If you have not, then seek the earliest opportunity to make amends, and carefully avoid a repetition of the wrong. The man who tries to be habitually just in all ways is habitually cheerful and happy. The serenity and glow of a calm summer day prevade his whole life.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT is noticed that some of the most valuable stocks on the list make little or no advance during an active market, which is a sign of real strength in such securities.

—

"WE are," says a leading London journal, "weary of popularizations of knowledge, of books in which information is reduced to a pulpy condition for the benefit of feeble and insolent minds."

—

SOME one has made up a striking array of statistics concerning London, compactly, as follows: London covers nearly 700 squire miles. It numbers more than 4,000,000 inhabitants. It comprises 1,000,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe, has 117,000 habitual criminals on its police register, and has 38,000 drunkards annually brought before the magistrates.

—

THE popularity of the beautiful "rose" point lace, is likely to be revived in England. This lace is composed of immense flowers made in what is called "buttonhole stitch." These flowers are made separately and afterward collected and sewn together by means of other pieces of lace of lighter texture. It was to bobbin or pillow work that the rose point owes its gradual declination in popular esteem.

—

MODELS of a proposed electric railway and letter-post delivery were recently exhibited before a scientific club in Vienna. An electro-dynamic machine was used to furnish the motive power. The chief advantage claimed for the system was that the power was generated at the stations and not carried along the line by locomotive engines. The letter post was intended to supply for a long distance the want now filled for short distances by pneumatic tubes. Miniature lines of railway were to be built along the passenger lines, and on them, at an exceedingly high rate of speed, would be run small electric engines and cars to take up letters. It would have the advantage of being entirely independent of the regular passenger road, and could be used at anytime.

—

A STRONG verdict was pronounced the other day in the case of a man who was killed at a volunteer rifle range, in England. The jury wazed wroth, and found that they "strongly condemned the lax way in which shooting at a range was permitted, and that the range was a dangerous one, and should be abolished," and forwarded their verdict to the War Office, who were perfectly astounded at the audacity of such an opinion.

—

THERE is a quality of laboriousness in all we do,—in our pleasures as well as in our work. We do everything fast and fashionably. We move in ruts, and crowds, and set modes. There is no play, no leisure, no quietness in our lives. One great evil is the multiplication of engagements. A capital form of rest is one that has been most foolishly abused—we mean sleep. Nearly all the men that work long and well have been good sleepers; they have the faculty of sleeping. But, short of sleep, we want more of quietness in social life. Neither moralists nor physicians have much control over the faults of our social life. We can only point them out; the remedy of them rest with the public.

—

A NUMBER of gentlemen recently met in New York, to organize a movement for the establishment of a Hudson River Industrial School for girls, and they have since addressed a circular explaining their plan to the inhabitants of counties which border on the river. Nearly one hundred girls under eighteen years of age, arrested for more or less flagrant offenses against society, from Hudson River Valley alone, are to-day undergoing confinement in the jails, the penitentiary, or the House of Refuge or elsewhere. It is estimated by those fully competent to judge, that in addition to those thus arrested a number more than five times as great are preparing themselves for a like fate.

—

THE following are the opinions always expressed in one form or other by the late Thomas Carlyle. The public, he said, had become a gigantic jackass; Literature a glittering lie; Science was groping aimlessly amidst the dry, dead clatter of the machinery by which it means the universe; Art wielding a feeble, watery pencil; History stumbling Philosophy lisping and babbling exploded absurdities, mixed with new nonsense about the Infinite, the Absolute and the Eternal; our Religion a great truth groaning its last; Truth, Justice, God, turned big, staring, empty words, like the address on the sign, remaining after the house was abandoned, or like the envelope after the letter had been extracted, drifting down the wind.

—

NOT long ago a somewhat second class amusement resort in France, brought forward a great attraction, which drew the public in crowds to the nightly performances. The seductive novelty in question was a young lady bearing the renowned patronymic of Gambetta. Mlle. Gambetta's success, however, disturbed the equanimity of the Department Prefect, who addressed an official communication to her, requesting that she would kindly change her name out of respect to the President of the chamber. Mlle. Gambetta's reply was that "if the President of the Chamber was ashamed of his name he was perfectly at liberty to change it; she was not ashamed of her's, and experienced no desire to adopt any other, no matter at whose instance." It is asserted that the youthful soloist and the ex-Dictator are really related to one another, being respectively the grandchildren of two own brothers.

—

ANY one walking through the streets of London lately can hardly fail to have been struck with the number of people of both sexes who have adopted the military style of mourning, and wear a band of black cloth around the arm, just above the elbow, in place of the conventional black broadcloth hatband for men and heavy swathings of crape for women Probably no country in the world is more wedded to old-fashioned observances, and it is therefore surprising to see how rapidly the new fashion has found favor. It is a singular fact that the lower classes consider it a far greater disgrace to be buried by the parish after they are dead than to be supported by it while they are living; and the way in which poor people will strip themselves of everything, and run in debt to boot, in order to "cut a show" at funerals of relatives, is almost incredible.

—

THE present proprietor of the gaming establishment at Nice, holds a lease which will not expire till 1916. The Prince receives $10,000 per annum and a tenth of the profits of the tables, besides which his army of forty soldiers in light blue uniform and his twenty gendarmes in cocked hats are clothed and maintained from the same source. The number of suicides last year traceable to losses at the tables are officially reported as fourteen only and the number of delinquencies attributable to the same cause as forty-seven. A gentleman of high official position estimates the real number of suicides at an average of about three a week. The local journals for obvious reasons do not encourage the publication of these details, and it is not unusual to regard a suicide by means of a revolver as a lamentable example of the incautious use of firearms.

—

THE fertility of American inventors is a matter of wonder in other lands. Chamber's Journal, in the following paragraph, attributes it to the greater facilities given to inventors by our laws. Some things is due to this cause, probably, but the real sources of American inventiveness are the general education of our people, and the necessity for labor saving devices growing out of the comparative scarcity and high cost of labor. Say the Journal: There is no disguising the fact that our American cousins are far ahead of us in the invention of labor-savers, and other clever contrivances, which they please to call 'notions.' We are loth to attribute this to any peculiar mechanical faculty which they have and which we lack, but rather to the extreme facility which is given by the legislature if protecting such inventions In Britain, the cost of such protection for fourteen years is no less than $1000. The same advantage can be secured in America by a single payment of $35. The result of the heavy tax which our government levies upon invention may be seen by comparing the numbers of patents in force in this country with those on the other side of the Atlantic. At the end of 1879, there were current here 15,600 patents, and in America 200,000. These figures speak for themselves.

REGRET.

BY CARL.

Sweet thoughts of days that long have fled
Still haunt my weary heart,
Once brilliant hopes, that now are dead,
Form of my life a part.

Though dead in memory, still they shine
Bright as in days of yore;
Again those joys can ne'er be mine—
I cannot live them o'er.

'Twas love that brightened than my life,
And love has caused my fall—
An angry word began the strife
That ends in sorrow's thrall.

Could I but tread that path again,
And win her love once more,
No jealous words should cause her pain,
Nor part us as before.

I loved, but still I did not know
Love was of life a part—
That all the coming years of woe
Could never heal my heart.

"HELD IN HONOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY KUTTON'S WARD," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

AT another time she would have resented the tone in which he spoke, but now his strong will subdued her for the moment. She rose without a murmur and went out with him. He trembled with emotion; his face was deadly white, his eyes glittered, and his hands shook.

As they left the drawing-room and stepped out on to the lawn the words followed them, "The wind that comes from over the mountain maddens me." He would not pause to think; he must know his fate—he could wait no longer. They walked some little distance; but the sound of the sweet voice with its sad burden still followed them.

"Where are you going?" asked Lady Iris.

"Come away from all human sounds," he answered; and she felt compelled to gratify him.

The singer could not be heard now, but the sound of a nightingale rose clear and distinct.

"There are other sounds," she said. "Where are you going?"

Then some suspicion of what he was going to say came to her. He caught hold of one of her hands, and she was too bewildered and dazed to withdraw it. He clasped it more closely.

"You must forgive me," he said; "that music has maddened me. Pardon me if I am brusque and abrupt; have pity on me if my words and actions do not please you. Here is a seat under this almond tree. See—the blossom falls so that it touches your beautiful golden hair. Happy almond blossom! Oh, Heaven help any man who loves a woman as I love you!"

She was carried away by his wild reckless impetuosity, and was too much surprised to interrupt him. She did not even recover herself sufficiently to take her hand from his or to push away the almond blossom that touched her face. All she knew in her bewilderment was that she was sitting underneath the almond tree, and that he was kneeling upon the ground at her feet with his head bent and hot passionate tears falling from his eyes like rain. She felt them drop upon her hands, and, brave as she was, she began to grow uneasy.

"I am mad," he said at last in a low broken voice—"I know it. 'The wind from over the mountain,' the wind of fervent passionate love, has breathed into my soul and driven me mad! I have brought you here because I could bear the pain no longer. I must speak to you or die. I love you—ah, Heaven knows how I love you! Will you be my wife?"

She had no power of speech to stop the torrent of words that fell from his lips.

"I know," he continued, "that the stars up yonder are not farther from me than you are. You are a gentle high-born lady, while I am only a rough plebeian. But I love you devotedly. Love will be my redemption, love will make me all that I should be. Ah, believe me, there is love enough in my heart to transform me into something quite different from other men!"

She was silent from sheer excess of wonder. His tears fell no longer, but his pale face was raised in the moonlight to hers. It was utterly transformed by the fervor of his love, and all that was coarse or common had been blotted out by his great passion; even at that moment she was struck by its expression.

"You will ask me how dare I say this to you," he went on, "how dare I ask for your love. But my answer is that love dares anything. I would brave death in a thousand horrible forms for your sake. Shall I not dare then to tell you that I love you a thousand times better than man ever loved woman?"

She tried to check him; but it was impossible. She raised her hand and held back the almond blossoms that touched her face. To the end of her life the sight of almond blossoms filled her heart with pain.

"I know well what a gulf lies between us," he continued; "but my great love shall bridge it over. You have all that the world can give you; I have merely energy and patience, in which I have full faith. Some day I shall inherit my father's vast wealth—and in your hands it would become a power. I love you with immeasurable love; no one else can ever love you so well. Be my wife; give me your name—you will have to give it to the man you marry—and I will 'hold it with honor,' even as you do yourself. Trust it to me; I will keep it untarnished and spotless."

She felt that she must speak. She flung the almond blossoms from her and cried—

"Hush, hush. You are mad! It would be like sacrilege!"

"Sacrilege?" he asked.

"Yes. Besides, of what use could it be to give my name to you?"

Slowly he rose from his knees and stood before her, all the gladness fading from his face.

"I do not understand you. Will you repeat the words? I have not heard you aright. 'The wind, the wind from over the mountain, has driven me mad!'"—and he gave a laugh that was terrible to hear.

"I repeat," she said, "that it would be like sacrilege to give my name, the name of an ancient, honored, noble race, to you, the son of a commoner."

"Twenty generations removed from being a gentleman!" he added, with a wild mirthless laugh.

Lady Iris had recovered herself. At first the shock had been so great to her, the surprise so complete, that she was quite unable to get the better of it. She had now recovered her calmness and her judgment. Her first feeling was one of indignation that he should have dared to touch her, to take her hand, to force her by the power of his will to go out into the grounds with him, that he should have dared to make love to her, he, whom she had never in the least degree acknowledged as an equal, that he should have presumed to ask her to be his wife and to entrust him with the grand old name she held in honor. Her face flushed with anger, her eyes grew proud and cold and her lips scornful.

"I wonder," she said slowly, "that you have dared to say what you have said! I have given you no encouragement for such presumption. Why have you dared to hold my hand and kneel at my feet?"

"Am I lower than your dog?" he asked. "I have seen you lay your hands caressingly on him and have envied him."

His words only angered her the more.

"I cannot understand," she said, "how you have the presumption to speak to me in this way. I have never by word or look given you the least pretext for addressing me in such a fashion. Let me hear no more of this; your love insults me!" she added in a clear high voice.

He trembled, and his face blanched. His first impulse was to turn aside with a muttered curse; but once more he fell upon his knees by her side, and hot tears filled his eyes, once more he clasped the hands of the girl who had wounded him so sorely—and the very majesty of his sorrow compelled her to listen and be silent.

"Listen to me only once," he cried; "let me say all that is in my heart! You condemn me because I am humbly born. Be just. Is it my fault? Let me ennoble myself—every man can do so if he will. I would work night and day to make myself noble in your eyes. Do not send me from you with harsh words; do not call my love an insult. Remember that, though I am lowly born, my heart is human and sensitive. Have you no compassion, no pity for me?"

For a moment she was sorry for him. She saw in the moonlight all the passion of pain in the wet eyes, and something like pity stirred in her heart. But it soon gave place to hot indignation.

"I do not wish to be unkind to you," she said; "but you have no right to speak to me in this way—nothing can justify it. You have sought my advice, and I have given it to you; you have sought my friendship, but that I never gave you; and now you come to me and ask for my love. You ask me to marry you, to give you my name, to make you a Fayne of Chandos. I say that your presumption is greater than that of any man I know."

"You should pardon it for the sake of the love that inspires it," he said.

"I acknowledge no such love, and I shall never pardon it. I repeat what I have said—your love insults me!"

She had stung his pride at last. He sprung to his feet, and a hot flush rose to his face.

"If I am presumptuous," he said; "you are proud; if I go too far in one direction, you do the same in another. The love of an honest, honorable man can insult no woman."

"You insult me," she returned quietly; and for a few moments they looked at each other steadily.

He spoke first, and it was with some warmth.

"I have staked so much on my love," he said; "that I feel I must appeal to you once more. If you send me from you without hope, you will embitter my whole life."

"I cannot help it," she replied coldly.

"If you send me from you," he continued, "you will prevent my ever becoming a good man. If you would be kind to me, I would spend all my life in doing good. Send me away, and I go out into utter darkness."

"It is not my fault," she said proudly. "I have nothing to do with it. I tell you honestly that I do not love you, that I have never felt much liking for you, that nothing would ever make me love you, and that, being what you are, even if I loved you to distraction, I would not marry you; and no time or words will ever make any difference."

"In fact, the love of a man so humbly born, although the son of a millionaire, is but an insult to you?"

"It is but an insult," she echoed; and again they stood in silence looking at each other.

Her words had gone home—they had struck the very core of his heart. He gazed at her steadily as she stood there in the moonlight, her beautiful face so proud and cold; and, as he looked, the love which had filled his heart changed slowly to deep undying hate. His love died a violent death—her cruel, scornful words had killed it—and with it all that was best and noblest in John Bardon. Presently he said—

"While I live, Lady Iris, I shall never forget those cruel words. I have said that I love you, I have told you that I worship you. I take back my words; I have no love for you. Had I known you as I know you now—fair of face, but cold, proud, and haughty, without pity, without heart—my love should never have been offered to you."

"I am very glad to hear it," she replied frigidly; and her coldness angered him even more.

One gleam of pity or of tenderness would have brought him to her feet again, and they would have parted friends; but her proud indifference enraged him more than her scorn.

"The time will come, Lady Iris," he said, "when you will bitterly repent the words you have spoken to me, and will wish that they had never been said."

"I do not think so," she replied coldly.

"If a child came to you from one of those poor cottages in King's Forest and offered you a flower grown in his humble little garden, would you fling it from you scornfully? No, you would take it with kindly smiles and thanks. Why then, when a man comes to you with his greatest treasure—his love—should you throw it back at him with so much bitter pride? I offered you the most precious gift I had. Why have you rejected it with such infinite scorn? Why did you not speak gently to me? The pain was hard enough to bear without the scorn."

There was enough truth in his words to make her feel annoyed with herself, but his speech only increased her anger toward him.

"I have no desire to hear a lecture from you, Mr. Bardon," she said. "If you please, we will go back to the house."

He raised his miserable face to the sky.

"Great Heaven," he cried, "how cruel a woman can be! How can so fair a face hide so cold a heart?"

"My heart is not cold," she replied. "Because I do not love you, you are not to assume that I love no one. I wish to return to the house, Mr. Bardon."

"And that is all you have to say to me? I have lavished such love on you as might have made any other woman happy, and in return you have not one kind word for me."

"No," she said coldly.

"You have crushed every hope I had, you have pierced me to the heart with your cruel words, and yet you have not one word of pity for me."

"Not one."

"You have nothing to give me in return for my life's love but the assurance that my love is an insult to you and like sacrilege."

She was silent for a few moments and then said—

"They seem to be harsh words. I said them first in the heat of anger; I repeat them now with the utmost calmness. It is an insult for you to ask me to marry you."

"Because I am humbly born?" he interrogated.

"Yes," she replied; "and it is like sacrilege in my eyes for you to offer to take my name."

"The name you 'hold in honor,'" he said, with a bitter laugh. "Ah, Lady Iris, if honor makes you so proud, give me dishonor with true humility. If you will speak but one kind word, even in farewell, I shall forget everything that you have said."

"I do not wish you to forget it," Mr. Bardon," Lady Iris answered. "I wish you to remember what I have said."

"I will do so—you shall have your wish. I will remember it every day of my life. I will even go farther—I will remind you of it, Lady Iris, when you will least care to remember it. I will bring it back to your memory word for word."

He drew nearer her.

"Your pride has triumphed, Lady Iris. You have rejected me with scorn. If you had treated me kindly, I might have been happy again in time; now I shall never be happy. But I shall have my revenge. You will think it unmanly of me to speak of revenge to a woman; but you have not been a gentle, pitiful woman to me. You have treated me with harshness and contempt; and I

swear that when the time comes I will use all my power without mercy."

"I am not afraid of your threats," she said calmly.

He stretched out his hand, and gathered some of the almond blossom that had touched her face.

"I will keep this," he remarked. "It will die; but even the withered leaves will be to me a memento. They will serve to remind me of the most cruel and scornful words ever uttered by a woman. I will keep my grief locked up in my heart, Lady Iris; it shall not be paraded for you to laugh at."

"I have no wish to laugh at it," she said.

"I—I thought I was stronger," he said hoarsely—his rage was fast overpowering him. "My self-control is vanishing. I do not wish you, Lady Iris, to see my humiliation and despair Will you leave me here?"

"Yes," she replied slowly, "I will go."

"Go back to your friends, your lovers, and your triumphs. Laugh at the low-born man whose presumption you have punished, whose love was an insult to you. Go quickly, if you would go safely. Your presence maddens me!"

From that moment John Bardon was a changed man; his love had turned into hate. He had but one desire now, and it was for vengeance. He must humble her pride and make her suffer, even as she had made him suffer. He would live for that object alone.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN John Bardon walked back to the Chandos mansion, he carried a spray of almond blossom in his hand. His sister Marie saw him as he entered the side door, and went to meet him. After one glance at his face, she knew all. She took his hand in hers.

"Where have you been, John? Lady Selwyn wanted to play a game at cribbage with you."

She stopped abruptly, for he raised his hand with a passionate gesture.

"Hush, Marie—hush! Do not talk to me now of trifles! I am like a man standing in the Valley of the Shadow of Death!"

"Has Lady Iris rejected you?" she whispered.

"Yes," he said hoarsely.

She put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"My dear John, you will be ill. Let me go to your room with you and talk to you; you will break down, I am sure. What is this?" she added, touching the almond blossoms

"A silent witness." he replied. "No, do not come with me, Marie. I am a desperate man. I am better alone."

"If I could but comfort you—if I could but help you, John!" she cried.

He turned his haggard face to hers.

"You can help me," he said. "Help me to get away from here without seeing any of them. Marie, will you?"

"I will do anything you wish," she replied.

"Tell the Earl to morrow that my father sent for me on urgent business, and that I left early in the morning, before any one was up."

"Will you go before any one rises John?"

"Yes, I could not meet the gaze of one of them. Good bye, Marie."

Marie clung to him with weeping eyes.

"John let me comfort you, let me help you!"

"No, I must bear my own pain. It may be a long time before I see you again. This place is accursed to me!"

He kissed her and left her; and the last she saw of her brother for a long time was as he went slowly up the great staircase with the almond blossoms in his hand.

The next morning she delivered her message to Lord Caledon, who received it with due courtesy, saying little, for he knew well what had happened.

"A beautiful woman is something of a scourge after all," he said to himself. "How many good and brave men have suffered for love of my daughter's fair face!"

When Marie Bardon went home, she found that her brother had left Hyne Court, and that her mother was more bitter than ever against "fine ladies."

* * * * * *

Two years have passed since the heir of Hyne Court left Chandos with hatred and anger in his heart. He had sworn vengence against Lady Iris; but it seemed long in coming.

Those two years had added to the beauty of the girl's face and figure; but her pride was as great as ever. She was the acknowledged queen of hearts; and, when she went to the opera or to balls, people flocked to catch a glimpse of her lovely face. If she were absent from any great aristocratic gathering there was a general sense of disappointment. No name in London was better known than that of Lady Iris Fayne. Fashionable milliners and dressmakers named various articles of attire after her. The "Fayne hat," and the "Fayne costume" were exceedingly popular. Gardeners gave the name of "Fayne" to many choice plants. The "Fayne Waltz" was a great success. It was a giddy height for any woman to reach; but Lady Iris bore her triumph well. The homage paid to her she considered more than half due to her name for the Fanes of Chandos were, in her eyes, little less than royal. Nothing elated her; praise from royal lips, the homage of some of the noblest in the land, and the sovereignty of fashion were regarded by her as only her due, she being Lady Iris Fayne of Chandos.

Many brilliant offers of marriage had been made to her during the last two years; but she had refused them all. She had not married, because she had not loved; and she had never forgotten the one glimpse she had had of the fairy land of passion on the night when Lady Selwyn sang of the "wind from over the mountain." Whenever that dream should be realized, she would marry—not until then.

Sir Fulke had returned to Clyffe Hall, decidedly improved by his rejection, the better for the pain he had suffered, and wiser for his humiliation. He did not often go to Chandos, although he still retained a great affection for Lady Iris. Of late his eyes had been opened to the noble character of Marie Bardon, who had long loved him with the deepest but, as she thought, most hopeless love. He had been struck with her tact and good sense; and more than once he had said to Lady Clyffarde, "That is the kind of wife to help a man on in the world;" and his mother had agreed with him.

Two years have brought about another great change. John Bardon was married. He had married the Lady Avice Deane, the only daughter and heiress of Walter, Lord Deane of Stonebury—a marriage which filled the hearts of his parents with joy. John Bardon had met the Deanes abroad; and when he wrote from Vienna, where the old Earl had a diplomatic mission, to say that he was engaged to marry Lady Avice, the family rejoicing was great. The news spread over the county like wildfire, and every one agreed that it was an excellent match He had a large income of his own, and was the son of a millionaire, and possessed one of the finest estates in the county. She had all that the Bardons valued most—good birth, a title, and an ancient lineage.

The delight of the family was a little damped however when Lady Avice Bardon appeared amongst them. She was of mature age—evidently over thirty-five—tall, thin, and angular, with square shoulders and long thin arms. Her face was not particularly attractive, and her complexion was "undecided"—sometimes clear, but more often brown, and easily reddened by wind or sun. She had piercing black eyes and a thick nose. But then she was an Earl's daughter; and, as good Mrs. Bardon said, "one cannot have everything," and they wanted "good connections." They were likely to have them with Lady Avice, for she was related to many of the noblest families in England.

Richard Bardon had kept his word. When his son married, he gave up Hyne Court to him, and went himself to live at Forest Castle, a magnificent estate on the other side of King's Forest. He was unwilling to forego all the advantages of his son's grand alliance, but he did not wish to obtrude his own or his family's presence upon the bride.

What Lady Avice lacked in beauty she made up for in splendor of dress. Few women in England dressed more magnificiently than she did. Her laces were of priceless value, while her furs were worthy of a Russian Empress. Her velvets, satins, and silks filled Mrs. Bardon with the keenest admiration and delight. This was indeed a daughter-in-law after her own heart. Not pretty? No; but what was beauty after all? And was she not related to half the nobility in England; and did she not bear a grand old name of her own?

"Lady Iris will see now that some could appreciate my son, if she could not," said the millionaire's wife. John Bardon had said nothing to his mother of his rejection by Lady Iris; but she knew it by instinct.

There had been some stir in the neighborhood when John Bardon brought his wife home. Whatever might be thought of him, there was no one in the county, so far as social position went, who was his wife's superior; so people decided that they must call upon her and pay her the respect due to the daughter and heiress of Lord Deane of Stonebury.

Few knew or guessed that Lady Avice Bardon was a disappointed and discontented woman. Her want of good looks had always been a sore trial to her; and she hated every beautiful woman she saw. In her girlhood she had hoped that her noble name would stand in the place of beauty; but she was mistaken. Perhaps a great deal of her disappointment was owing to her own discontent. She had every gift except that of personal beauty; and, for want of that, the others were useless. Men who were disposed to like her for her wit and power of repartee, or who thought that a marriage with her would be advantageous, was repelled by her envy and discontent.

Sir Bertrand Lynn almost fell in love with her once; but he became so weary of her constant jealousy of every pretty girl to whom he spoke that he left her and sailed for Norway. After that came weariness and discontent. Many girls she knew who had neither title nor money quickly found husbands; but no lovers came to her. At thirty-four she gave up all hope of being married, and silently resolved, so far as lay in her power, to punish the male sex for their blindness and want of discernment.

At thirty-five, when she had abandoned all hope, a lover appeared upon the scene. At Vienna John Bardon was introduced to her as the son of a millionaire and the heir of Hyne Court—a man to whom money was as dross, and whose sole desire was to purchase with his wealth relationship with the nobility. She saw through him at once, for she was one of the shrewdest of women. She read him so truly that she knew, without a word from that, that he had had a "grand passion" in his life, a love that had had an unhappy termination. She knew that there was nothing in his heart but the ashes of a dead love. She never deceived herself for a moment as to his real feeling toward her. She wanted a husband, and he wanted a wife who would bring him into contact with the aristocracy.

He must have been disappointed in love, she decided, for the face of the fairest woman had no charm for him, and he always spoke of beautiful women as cruel, cold and proud. She never forgot one incident. When they were in Vienna, he called one day to see her. She was, at the time, arranging some flowers, and amongst them was a spray of almond blossom. She held it up to him with a smile.

"How pretty this is!" she said, but, with a muttered curse, he snatched it from her hand and flung it away.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered; "but it reminds me of something I would gladly forget."

"I will forgive you," she told him, after a few moments' silence. "You have loved some beautiful woman, I suppose, and the almond blossom reminds you of her. Pray do not marry me if your heart is elsewhere!"

"It is not elsewhere," he replied, "and I wish to marry you, Lady Avice—if you will have me!"

"It is not usual," she said calmly, "for the gentlemen I am in the habit of associating with to mutter imprecations in the presence of ladies. I shall overlook your fault this time, but do not offend again."

As he left the hotel, he saw the spray of almond blossom lying on the ground where he had flung it, and he went out of his way to crush it under his heel; there was an evil look on his face as he did so. John Bardon was by no means so good a man as when he had pleaded his suit under the almond tree.

Three weeks after that he brought his aristocratic wife home to Hyne Court.

* * * * * *

It was a proud moment for John Bardon when the carriage from Chandos stopped at the grand entrance of the Court, and Lord Caledon and his daughter descended from it.

Lord Deane of Stonebury had once rendered Lord Caledon an important political service which had placed Lady Iris's father under a great obligation. When Lady Avice married, Lord Deane wrote to his old friend, telling him how pleased he was that his daughter would be near him, and asking the Earl to visit her. Lord Caledon looked rather perplexed as he read the letter. Presently he handed it to his daughter, saying—

"This concerns you rather than me, Iris. What shall we do? It is very awkward."

"I do not see why it should be so," papa," she answered.

"But will it be pleasant, my dear, for you to know Lady Avice and to visit her after that unpleasant little affair with her husband?"

"I have forgotten all about it, papa; and no doubt he has forgotten it too. I will visit her with pleasure. Indeed I do not see how it can be helped."

"No—not after Lord Deane's letter. I suppose, Iris, you never heard a word from Mr. Bardon after he left Chandos in that very abrupt manner?"

"Not one word, papa; and now that he has married the daughter of your old friend, we will let the dead past bury its dead, and think no more of it. I received Lady Avice card yesterday; and, if you have no objection, we will drive over to Hyne Court this morning. It is not too warm, although it is August."

For the sunny days of August had come round again, and the Earl and his daughter were spending the lovely summer months at Chandos. Remembering John Bardon's passionate love for her, his pale face as he swore vengeance against her, and how he had vowed to keep his word, Lady Iris could not help wondering what the woman was like who had taken her place, and she was curious to see her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An elderly maiden lady, an inmate of a country house, at which Sheridan was passing a few days, expressed an inclination to take a stroll with him, but he excused himself on account of the badness of the weather. Shortly afterwards, she met him sneaking out alone. "So, Mr. Sheridan," said she, "it has cleared up." "Yes, madam," was the reply. "it certainly has cleared up enough for one, but not enough for two," and off he went.

The FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

In the hands of a Sensible, Intelligent, Refined, Honorable Person, The Frank Siddalls Soap never fails to take away all the hard work of wash day and make Clothes clean, sweet and white without hard rubbing, *and without Scalding or Boiling a single piece.*

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HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE WOMAN.

A Sensible Woman dont get mad when she is told of improved ways of doing housework, *but is always glad to hear of them* and is willing to try them when brought to her notice.

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HOW TO TELL A WOMAN OF REFINEMENT.

A Woman of Refinement will be pleased to have the opportunity of doing away with the nasty, filthy smell from scalding and boiling Clothes, and with the unhealthy steam that injures health and ruins wall paper and furniture.

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HOW TO TELL AN INTELLIGENT WOMAN.

An Intelligent Woman will have no trouble in following the directions for using The Frank Siddalls Soap, so simple and easy that a child can understand them and carry them out.

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HOW TO TELL AN HONORABLE WOMAN.

An Honorable Woman would scorn to do so mean an action as to buy an article which is guaranteed to save the health and strength of overworked women unless she intended to follow directions so strongly insisted on.

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AND NOW DONT GET THE OLD WASH-BOILER MENDED! BUT NEXT WASH-DAY PUT ASIDE ALL LITTLE NOTIONS AND PREJUDICES AND GIVE ONE HONEST TRIAL

TO THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

The Frank Siddalls Soap, and The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, is endorsed not only by such Leading Secular Papers of the country as *The Philadelphia Record* and *Times, The Norristown Herald, The Burlington Hawkeye*, &c., but by such Religious Papers as *The Christian at Work* and *The Christian Advocate*, both of New York City, and both of them recognized as authorities among the Religious Press of the country, *and this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any Humbug about it!*

READ THE FOLLOWING CAREFULLY BEFORE SENDING FOR A CAKE FOR TRIAL,

For the Soap will not be sent unless a Promise comes to Use it on a Regular Family Wash, and by THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY of Washing Clothes.

READ THIS BEFORE SENDING.

If you reside at a place where The Frank Siddalls Soap is not sold, send 10 cents in money or stamps to the Office, **718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia. Say in your Letter that it shall be used on a Regular Family Wash, and by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.** In return you will get a cake of the grandest Toilet, Bath, Shaving, and General Household Soap in the world, sufficient to do a good size wash. It will be put in a neat metal box that will cost 6 cents. 15 cents in postage-stamps will be put on, and all sent you for 10 cents. Only one piece will be sent to each person writing, and only when wanted to use on a family wash. *The same Soap is used for all purposes—not intended for Toilet or Skin Diseases. 30 cents must be sent to cover the actual cost of Soap, postage and box.*

Only one kind of Soap, but used for all purposes

Only use lukewarm water, no matter how soiled the wash is, for The Frank Siddalls Soap does NOT depend on Hot Water nor on hard rubbing. Even when washing for Farmers, Machinists, or Laborers, never use very warm water. *This is contrary to the usual rule, but is the way to use The Frank Siddalls Soap.*

Even a person of ordinary intelligence will know that Soap that is *beneficial* to the skin cannot possibly injure Clothing, no matter if used for a long time.

I too set in old ways to try The Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of using it, SEND FOR A PAMPHLET.

The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes:
Easy, Genteel, Neat, Clean, and Lady-like.

First: Dip one of the pieces in the top of water; draw it out on the washboard, and soap it lightly, especially where you see any dirt or soiled parts. Then roll up the article as tight as you can, just as you would roll up a sprinkler for sprinkling clothes, and force in the suds the water out of the soapy article as you roll each piece up. Then put away for half an hour or longer—one hour is all right—and let the Soap do its work.

Next: After soaking the clothes, commence to rub, using a little more soap on the dirty parts, and rub hard and long out. Turn each piece inside out when rubbing it, so as to get at the seams; but never use more Soap and rub more than is necessary, but get the dirt out in the first suds.

Next comes the rinsing. Each piece must be *lightly* washed through a lukewarm rinse water on the washboard without using any soap until *all the dirty suds are out.* [Every smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.]

Now put a little Soap in the boiler, and when dissolved by *soapy*: put the clothes through this soapy blue water and [illegible] *or boiling a single piece.* The clothes will not smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if newly worn. *Dont put clothes to soak over night*: it makes them harder to wash, and is not a time-saver. *Dont try it on part of the wash*; try it on the entire wash. The Soap will not injure hands or water. *Dont use Soda or Borax.* The White Flannels are to be washed with the other white pieces.

READ THIS BEFORE SENDING.

The Frank Siddalls Soap Proves to be a Wonderful Cure for Skin Diseases,

ENTIRELY SUPERSEDING THE USE OF OINTMENTS AND SALVES.

By washing freely with The Frank Siddalls Soap, and leaving on plenty of the rich, creamy lather, and not allowing any Ointment or any other Soap, or any other application to touch the skin, it has never been known to fail to cure old stubborn Ulcers, Ringworm, and all itching and scaly humors on the body, and the terrible scaly incrustations that sometimes are found on the heads of children. It will soon be used in every Almshouse, Hospital and Dispensary in the country.

If you have an [illegible] The Frank Siddalls Soap for [illegible] or any trouble from, any [illegible] Toilet Lotion you have used, try the Frank Siddalls Soap. [illegible] The very essence of the Soap between the hand and tender flesh.

It is a [illegible] cleaning the mouth as well as the teeth, and purifies the breath.

Remember, [illegible] always do.

CURES CHAPPED HANDS AND PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

A Pamphlet Showing Mode of Use is now ready, and will be furnished on application.

Just think what you will save by The Easy Way of Washing: No Wash boiler! No Stove! No Smell of Soda! [illegible] valuable property of **Washing Freely in Hard Water,** as it *does not* require the use of Borax, Soda, Lye, Washing Crystal Ammonia or any Washing Powders whatever. In places where water is very scarce, or has to be carried a long distance, it is an important fact that The Frank Siddalls Soap only requires about one-quarter the water that is needed where other Soap is used—four or five pails of water being sufficient with this Soap, where other Soap would require a barrel.

It is better for Shaving than any Shaving Soap; better for Toilet and Bath than any Toilet Soap, better and cheaper for [illegible] than any Toilet Soap, better and cheaper for [illegible] than any Soap for all common uses. Dont get the old wash boiler mended! *Use the cold and lukewarm water for a couple weeks* when the clothes are washed by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT, AND SEE THAT YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR. TRY IT NEXT WASH-DAY.

Address all letters to Office of FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

THE ENVIOUS NEIGHBOR.

BY F. HENRY DOYLE.

FAR away in the country of the Japanese there lived an old couple, who were quite happy, though childless. They were very poor, but their poverty did not seem to worry them in the least.

"We have enough to keep the wolf from actually coming in the door," they would say to each other, "and enough is as good as a feast."

Of course this was the best way to look at the matter, and if it was more common for people to do it everywhere, there would be a great deal less misery in the world. Because, trouble and worry is not in a thing itself but in our way of thinking of it.

Now, though these old folks had none of their own kind to cling to, they must give their love to something. So one cold day the man, whose name was Ho tai, brought home a little curly-haired dog.

"I found him shivering in the meadow, and he seemed so wretched that I could not help giving him a part of my dinner and inviting him to come with me. There is plenty of room here, where he may be comfortable, and if he is satisfied to stay with us, why let him stay."

"Yes, let him stay," echoed the good woman, and the dog became one of the household.

The pair had not the slightest idea of the fact, but in reality the dog was a good spirit. He had taken this shape merely to try mankind, and to those who treated him well he always returned kindness for kindness, tenfold over.

He had been with his new friends some time, and they grew to like him better and better. He had so many pleasant ways, and was such company for the wife while her husband was at work, that both would have regarded his loss as a very serious matter indeed.

On one of the national holidays, when he was free from the duties of labor, Ho tai took a walk into a neighboring forest. The dog accompanied him, and after running around a time stopped at the foot of a large tree and began digging with his paws, gazing now and then earnestly at his master.

Ho tai for a little while watched him in surprise, then came closer.

"What is it, my friend?" he inquired. "Some squirrel or mole, perhaps. But how can I help you?"

The animal's only answer was a sharp, short bark.

At that moment he heard the dog's claws strike on something that sounded like metal, and stooping over the hole Ho tai saw a small iron box, hidden under the roots of the tree.

You may be sure that it was not long before he had drawn it out and examined it. At first it was not to be opened but at last, by knocking off one of its thick bands with a hard stone he was able to remove the lid.

Imagine his wonder when inside he saw such a pile of bright yellow gold pieces that their glitter almost blinded him. He thought there had not been so much money in the world.

Quickly he carried it home; the dog barking about him joyfully, and evidently as happy as himself. There, when he showed the treasure to his wife, she dropped squarely on the floor in astonishment.

The old folks agreed that they would never speak of their good fortune to any one, and for a while they succeeded. But Ho tai gradually grew less careful, and could not keep to himself the happiness that was in him. It seemed as though he could not be contented unless he made the neighbors jealous by telling them of his luck.

So after a few months, he would show, as though by accident, the pieces of gold he carried in his pockets, and blissfully watch the surprised glances of his neighbors. Then he commenced hinting that such and such might be the case, or spoke of accomplishing vast undertakings requiring much wealth. Finally, when the gossip he caused had become flat and tasteless to him, he came out with the whole story.

Now there was one among those listening to him who was a very envious man. He was well enough to do himself, but his selfish mind saw with displeasure any one have more than he had. He was satisfied neither sleeping nor waking. For, if he walked out, the signs of prosperity he met gained him, and in his dreams his bad thoughts tormented him worse.

Ho tai's fortune then, was anything but agreeable to contemplate, and he set about devising some way to get as much or more for himself.

What he ultimately resolved on was to steal the dog and take it to the forest with him, thinking that as the animal did so well for Ho tai, he might succeed even better for him.

Therefore, the first good opportunity he had, he induced the dog to follow him, and led the way to the wood.

Arriving there he went to the self same tree and dug as before. The envious man could scarcely contain himself as he watched his movements, and when he heard what he thought to be the sound of money, he almost tore the dog in half trying to pull it away from the spot.

But conceive his anger and disappointment when, instead of the expected treasure, he saw only a heap of stones.

For a moment he stood as though turned into one himself, then, turning in a violent passion, he drew a hatchet from beneath his coat and knocked out the animal's brains.

His first impulse was to fly home, but finally he buried the dog under the tree, covered it with the stones, and after carefully smoothing the turf, went back to the town as though nothing had happened.

Guilt, however cannot be hidden. Some way or other it is found out, and comes back to plague the perpetrator. So Ho tai, who, you may suppose, had sincerely lamented the absence of his favorite discovered at length what the envious neighbor had done with him.

When he learned this, he cut down the tree and made the branches into a little chapel in memory of the good dog; and out of the trunk he made a mortar to pound his rice in.

So soon, however, as he began to use the mortar, he found that gold came out of it.

His old failing again attacked him; he could not keep quiet and his envious neighbor came to hear of that too, and he sent at once to borrow the mortar. But he could get no gold out of it; so in his wrath he burnt it to ashes.

Ho tai begged to have the ashes, and he took them home; and the next night the dog appeared to him in a dream, and told him to take the ashes of the mortar on the following day, and stand on the highway with them; and when he should see a prince pass by with his train, not to fall on his knees, as was the custom, but to answer the summons of the guards and say that he was a magician, and could cover dead trees in a moment with the most beautiful blossoms.

The next day Ho tai did as the dog had told him, and when the guards brought him before the prince, he threw a handful of ashes into the air, upon which a tree growing near immediately began to blossom.

Then the prince was astonished, and took the old man with him to his palace, and sent him away soon after with rich presents.

When the envious neighbor heard of this, he again came to Ho tai, and begged to have at least the ashes of the mortar. She gave them, and he tried to do the same with them as the old man had done. But in a time there were no flowers, and the dust flew into the prince's eyes; so the prince cut down the poor man, and the guards cut off his head.

Ever since, when the parents of that land see anything like envy or selfishness in any one they think of the sad fate of the Envious Neighbor.

SURVIVING A HORSE.—Years ago at an English race, the famous horse Tiberius broke his leg. His owner, Lord Millbank, lost heavily in bets, besides the value of the horse. Three days afterwards Lord Millbank gave a sumptuous dinner, to which the most distinguished of the English peerage had been invited, and at which they were present. The conviviality ran high. Toward the close the host arose at the head of the table, and proposed that they should drink to the memory of the departed Tiberius. It was clamorously received. The master of the feast remained standing, with a brimming glass in his hand. "We drink to Tiberius," he said, 'the most beautiful, the most enduring, the most courageous, and the most spirited courser that ever trod the British turf." Shouts of applause shook the walls. "You know," continued his lordship, "the achievement of this horse. His deeds belong to history. Fame has taken charge of his glory. But it remained for me—for you, my lords and gentlemen—to do honor to his mortal remains. I wished that this noble courser should have a burial worthy of his deservings. He has had it. My cook had fully prepared him, and you have feasted upon him to-day. Ay, my lords and gentlemen, the meat which you have relished so keenly, and the rare flavor and delicacy of which have awakened so much inquiry, was Tiberius. My grand courser has found a fitting sepulture. May your digestion be right!" For a brief space the enthusiasm of the company received a check, but the meat had been good nevertheless; and with another burst of applause the idea took the turn of a sublimity, and many bumpers were drunk to the memory of the strangely entombed Tiberius.

While a Chicago girl was leaning over the railing of the veranda one night singing, 'I'm Waiting, My Darling, for Thee,' her long lost lover sneaked out of the shrubbery. 'Birdie!' 'Amanda!' They embraced. 'Have you missed me?' she murmured. 'Missed you, my angel, does the lonely dove miss'—— then came a dull, sodden thud, as if some one had hit an old damp wash with a maul, and the street was still, save that neither reproaches nor commands could induce her to go with her mother to a ball at which they were expected.

A Jersey cat has had 108 kittens.

THE VIVACIOUS LADY.

BY [illegible]

"I REALLY must request, my love," said the elegant Lady de Grey, as she left the room, "that you will never flirt with that Mr. Leslie again."

That Mr. Leslie!

"I am afraid I never shall!" was the unheard exclamation of her beautiful daughter, to whom the injunction was addressed.

Lady Emma had thrown herself back in her arm chair.

The rounded and youthful cheek was flushed by the maternal observation, and still more by the subject—the dark blue eyes flashed with pride at one moment, the next were filled with tears; whilst the bright ringlets which shaded her brow looked as if the rays of the setting sun had fallen on them, and enamored of their beauty, had refused to depart!

'My dear, dear Laura, is she not unkind? She has not asked Herbert to dinner for a whole month: and now that he is going to sea for three long years she says I must not flirt with him!'

She covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

Laura smiled—for she had been out two years; she sighed, for she had once a 'first love.'

"Emma, if you go on thus you will look quite a fright to night, and it is just time to dress."

Emma looked at the clock and did her best.

Lady Mordaunt intended that night to astonish even the London world with the splendor of her fancy ball, and she almost succeeded.

'What a beautiful girl that is with the bright hair and black veil, waltzing with the Conte di Castelblanco—splendid! Do you know her, Leslie?' inquired a dandy of a young man in a palmer's dress, his elegant figure disguised in an immense cloak, and his handsome countenance hidden by an enormous slouched hat.

'It is Lady Emma de Grey.'

'Oh! you know her then?'

But no answer came—the palmer was gone.

Lady Emma had waltzed, and was returning to her seat when her name was whispered in her ear.

She turned, a tall figure was bending gracefully over her; the eloquent and telltale crimson flushed over cheek and brow—she trembled violently—recognised with an agitated bow the arm of her distinguished partner and accepted the offered courtesy of—the palmer.

An hour had passed in the course of which Lady de Grey and several disappointed dandies had made fruitless inquiries for the lost maiden, when Lord Stanfield and a friend sauntered into a small tent exquisitely fitted up.

They were about to retire thinking it was empty, when their ears were saluted by voices.

"Will you promise, will you give me a pledge that on my return in three long years you will be mine—at least that you will make no man happy with this dear hand?"

'I dare not promise," said a low sweet voice.

"I have brought you a ring; let me place it on this hand till I can place another there."

'I will accept it," whispered the sweet voice, "but I can promise nothing, and now farewell!"

"How excellent!' laughed Lord Stanfield, as he left the spot, "we must see who these romantic lovers are."

A moment more, and Lady Emma left the little tent, her black veil drawn over her blushing face.

She was leaning upon the arm of the Hon. Herbert Leslie, a lieutenant (in expectation) in her Majesty's service.

The next morning, when the first rays of the summer sun were admitted into her chamber Lady Emma awoke—a weight was upon her heart.

Lady de Grey was angry, and Herbert had joined his ship!

During the toilet, she came to the fixed resolution that she would eat no breakfast.

In vain did rolls of all sizes and shapes offer themselves—in vain the aroma of chocolate and coffee assailed her; she was determined.

'Emma my love," said the softened Lady de Grey, 'take something."

'Nothing, thank you," was the heroic answer!

Tears occupied her till luncheon came with its substantial pears; but the spirit of martyrdom was still strong within, as her mother asked Sir Charles Clarke, but how could Lady Emma eat (even if she was hungry) when Herbert had departed?

How powerful a first love!

The next day and a ball was her morning repast and manners were altogether better, save that neither requests nor commands could induce her to go with her mother to a ball at which they were expected.

The succeeding day a party met at Lord de Grey's hospitable mansion, and Lord Stanfield placed himself at Lady Emma's side.

Highly amused at what he had overheard he had determined to make her forget "The Absent One."

What passed we know not, but that night he waltzed with Lady Emma at a ball; to which she had positively determined not to go!

* * * * *

At the end of the season, Lady de Grey entered the room where her daughter was sitting.

"Emma, my love, your father has just had a proposal for you, from Lord Stanfeld; of course you will give him a favorable answer?"

"Mamma!" hesitated the blushing girl, "I cannot; I am almost engaged."

"To whom?"

"To Herbert Leslie."

"A boy of eighteen!" ejaculated the amazed mamma.

It is needless to repeat what followed.

Emma was firm and heroic, though she thought Lord Stanfield more handsome and more agreeable—even than her "First Love."

Time passed on, and another, Emma's second season, summoned Lord de Grey to [illegible].

Soon after its commencement they threw open their mansion to three or four hundred particular friends.

Wearied with everything, Emma was standing listless and alone, when Lord Stanfield sought her side.

She blushed, but received him kindly.

He danced with her again—again.

All was over; the lights were extinguished, the music hushed, the guests departed; but Emma still stood before her mirror.

Her cheeks were crimsoned, but not with indignation; her eyes flashed and sparkled, but not with anger.

She gazed at her own most lovely form in triumph; she took the turquoise ring—the gift, the pledge of the "boy," and threw it from her.

She had accepted Lord Stanfield.

Two months elapsed, and the young and handsome Herbert had been recalled with his ship.

He hurried home instantly, and arrived at night.

He found his paternal halls illuminated, music, carriages, and noise awaited him; he dressed, and entered a welcome guest—the hero of a night!

'Lady Emma?" tremblingly inquired he.

"Will be here to night," replied his mother with a mysterious smile.

Abroad, Herbert had forgotten love and ring, but now he was as much in love as ever.

'Here are the bride and bridegroom," was whispered all around; "here they come!'

"Leslie, look at the bride—is she not beautiful?'

Leslie gave an anxious glance.

On the arm of the stately and triumphant Lord Stanfield was laid the fairy hand of the Lady Emma—the bride.

It was his turn now to be heroic!

Herbert walked up to her, gave her one low and mocking bow—one bitter and Byronic smile—one withering look—and rushed out of the room—for five minutes!

Lady Emma bowed and smiled!

Herbert did not challenge Lord Stanfield—remarking that he was "too much disgusted with his 'first love'" to think of appealing to a 'second."

THE ORIGIN OF BALL GAMES.—The history of the ball games, which commence in the spring months of the year, would carry us back a very long way; for the origin of ball play dates beyond history itself, and traces of it are to be found in almost every nation on the face of the globe. It is even supposed that it had a deep symbolical meaning when first played in the spring of the year, and that the beating of the ball was intended to typify the upspringing of the life of nature after the gloom of winter. And whether this was the case among the people of antiquity or not, it is a remarkable fact that the ecclesiastics of the early Church adopted the symbol, and gave it a very special significance by meeting in the churches on Easter Day, and throwing a ball from hand to hand to typify the Resurrection. This which was done originally as a kind of religious observance, soon degenerated into a mere custom, and had to be discontinued, as it caused much disorder; but it will account for the fact that games of ball are still supposed to commence properly at Easter. In England these games of ball have always been exceedingly numerous. 'Stoolball,' a game played by two persons seated on stools, who throw the ball from one to another in a particular fashion, is alluded to by many of the old writers; and the games of trapball and rounders are of remote antiquity. But perhaps the most popular, as well as the most ancient, game was tennis or hand-ball. This sport was classical, and was doubtless played when Homer wrote; it certainly was popular when Horace praised the 'swells' of his period. As one of the most ancient games of Christendom it perhaps came down to us from the monks, who followed the harmless pastime in their cloisters, which made capital tennis courts. But it would seem that women and girls played, as well as men and boys, for as long ago as 1424 there was a young lady in Paris who played both with the palm and the back of the hand, and was the champion of the game.

IN TWOS.

BY W. C. GANNETT.

Somewhere in the world there hide
Garden-gates that no one sees,
Save they come in happy twos,—
Nor in ones, nor yet in threes.

But from every maiden's door
Leads a pathway straight and true,
Maps and surveys know it not;
He who finds, finds room for two!

Then they see the garden-gates!
Never skies so blue as theirs,
Never flowers so many sweet
As for those who come in pairs.

Round and round the alleys wind,
Now a cradle bars their way,
Now a little mound behind,—
So the two go through the day.

When no nook in all the lanes
But has heard a song or sigh,
Lo! another garden-gate
Opens as the two go by!

In they wander, knowing not;
"Five-and-Twenty!" flits the air
With a silvery echo low,
All about the startled pair.

Happier yet these garden-walks;
Closer, heart to heart, they lean;
Stiller, softer falls the light;
Few the twos, and far between.

Till at last, as on they pass,
Down the paths so well they know,
Once again at the hidden gates
Stand the two—they enter slow.

Golden Gates of Fifty Years,
May our love your latchet press;
Garden of the Sunset Land,
Hold their dearest happiness.

Then a quiet walk again,
Then a wicket in the wall;
Then one, stepping on alone,—
Then two at the Heart of All.

SOME CURIOUS VOWS.

CERTAIN Servian patriots, during the bombardment of Belgrade in 1862 vowed never to allow a razor to touch their faces until they could shave in the fortress itself. For five years they had to eschew the barber's services; but at length the hour of triumph came; and one day in 1867 they marched through the streets of Belgrade with enormous beards, preceded by barbers razors in hand; entered the fortress, to issue forth with clean-shaven faces looking years younger for the operation.

During the Irish rebellion of 1641, an English clergyman, living in Cavan county sought safety in England until the storm blew over, leaving his Irish wife behind him to the care of an old nurse. One evening, the nurse's nephew warned them that one of the rebels was coming there that night, having sworn to sack the parson's homestead and not leave a feather or an egg in his nest. Although in the worst of all conditions for travelling, the poor lady set out on foot for a friend's house at some distance, where there was a guard of soldiers. Emerging from a wood, she found herself on the banks of a broad river, and saw that the bridge spanning it was occupied by a troop of rebel horse. She turned back; but the leader of the band had seen her, and following after, caught her in the heart of the wood. Drawing his dagger, he told her to prepare to die, answering her appeal for mercy with: "I must kill you; we are sworn to it. You must die; say your last prayer." Looking at him steadfastly, she said: "I have been praying to God, and He has told me that I am not to die by your hand. No; you will not do it; God will not suffer you!" Three times the savage assassin pointed the dagger to her heart, while with hands uplifted to heaven she repeated: "No; God will not suffer you!" Then, throwing the weapon on the grass, he exclaimed: "You are right; God will not suffer me. You are a brave woman, and I was going to act the coward. Will you trust to my honor and let me guide you to a place of safety?" "With all my heart," was the thankful reply. He then conducted her across the river, and did not leave her until he had put her in the road for her friend's house. But the sorely tried lady was not destined to reach it that night. She had to crave the help of a frightened farm-wife; and morning saw her the mother of a tiny newcomer, to whom she gave the name of Honor,—a name handed down among her female descendants to this day.

An inveterate gambler, having lost all his ready cash at the card-table, borrowed his wife's diamond earrings, and staking them, had a turn of luck, and rose a winner in the end; whereupon, he solemnly promised never to touch cards or dice again. And yet before the week was out he was pulling straws from a rick, and betting upon which would prove the longest; keeping as strictly to the letter of his promise as the hard drinker who vowed to eschew intoxicating fluids as long as he had a hair on his head; and an hour afterwards emerged from the barber's shop with a smooth-shaven poll, and then got tipsy with a clear conscience!

In one of Voltaire's romances, the cynical poet represents a widow, in the depth of her disconsolateness, vowing that she will never marry again "as long as the river flows by the side of the hill." A few months go by. The widow, bethinking herself that there are still good fish in the sea, grows more cheerful, and takes counsel with a clever engineer. He sets to work; the river is diverted from its course; it no longer flows by the side of the hill, and the lady exchanges her weeds for a bridal veil!

A sexton, seeing a woman crossing the churchyard with a bundle and a watering-can, followed her, curious to know what her intentions might be, and discovered that she was a widow of a few months' standing. Inquiring what she was going to do with the watering-pot, she informed him that she had begged some grass-seed to sow upon her husband's grave, and had brought a little water to make it spring up quickly. The sexton told her that there was no occasion for her to take that trouble—the grave would be green in good time. "Ah, that may be," was the frank reply; "but my poor husband made me promise not to marry again until the grass had grown over his grave; and having a good offer, I don't wish to break my word, or keep as I am longer than I can help."

More faithful to his partner's memory was he, who, having the misfortune to lose his newly-wedded wife, vowed that so long as he lived he would speak to neither man, woman, nor child; and for forty-four years he was fated to live, kept his vow, and won for himself a saintly reputation by so doing. Much like him was a spinster who died at the age of seventy, in the alms-house at Portland, and had never been known to utter a word for more than thirty-five years, in fulfilment of a vow made when smarting under a disappointment in love.

It is related that a young beauty of the court of Francis I. troubled with a too talkative admirer, bade him be dumb; and he swearing to obey her behest, did it so thoroughly, that all the world thought that he had lost the power of speech, from melancholy; until one day, the young lady undertook to cure him of his dumbness, and by pronouncing the word "Speak!" brought her lover's two years' silence to a sudden end.

A few years ago there lived in an English village a man seventy-five years old, of whom the following story, attested by reliable witnesses, is told. Before his son's birth, his father made a vow that if his wife should bring him a girl—making the fourth in succession—he would never open his lips to the child as long as he lived. In time he was blessed with a boy; but this boy would never speak to his father, nor, so long as that rash vow-taker lived, to any one save his sisters and his mother. When he had reached the age of thirty-five, his sire died; whereupon his tongue was loosed to everyone, and he remained an ordinary individual, rather given to loquacity, for the rest of his days.

The world is supposed to have grown wondrous since the sailor promised St. Christopher a life-size waxen effigy if he would save the storm-stricken ship; but faith in such possibilities is not extinct. Queen Isabella vowed to make a pilgrimage to Barcelona and return thanks at the tomb of that city's patron saint, if the Infanta recovered from an apparently mortal illness. And another crowned dame promised a golden lamp to the church of Notre Dame, in the event of her husband coming safely out of the doctor's hands. In 1867, a Spanish lady walked from Madrid to Rome in fulfilment of a vow so to do, provided she was restored to health; keeping her word more faithfully than her Portuguese sister, who, having vowed she would make a pilgrimage barefoot to a certain shrine, had herself carried thither in a sedan-chair.

Grains of Gold.

A person truly noble can not be insulted.

Charity is a first mortgage on every human being's possessions.

Before you give way to anger try to find a reason for not being angry.

If you would live happy, endeavor to promote the happiness of others.

He that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.

The first essential to successful study is the power of concentration of thought.

The happiness or unhappiness of old age is often nothing but the extract of a past life.

It is better to do the most trifling thing in the world than to think half an hour of a trifling thing.

There is no greater fool than he who thinks himself wise; no one wiser than he who suspects he is a fool.

If the ages of human beings were to be reckoned only by hours and days we'd spent, most of us would be in our infancy.

Members of congregations should make their own funeral sermons while they be living, by their virtuous life and conversation.

Politeness is a quality of character so indispensable to a lady or gentleman as to seem to have its place rather among the duties than virtues.

Mystery magnifies danger, as the fog the sun; the hand that warned Belshazzar, derived its horrifying influence from the want of a body.

When we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is usually because we suspect their weakness; but we ought rather to suspect our own.

The young fancy that their follies are mistaken by the old for happiness; and the old fancy that their gravity is mistaken by the the young for wisdom.

A man's profundity may keep him from opening on a first interview, and his caution on a second; but it is natural to suspect his emptiness, if he carries on his reserve to a third.

To be heroic in great deeds is not so praiseworthy after all as to be noble in things that are small. The former may tell of ambition, while the latter are the expressions of character.

Manly delicacy is as necessary in the family life as manly rectitude; and womanly tact as womanly virtue. There is as much wrecked happiness from the absence of one as the other.

Aim high. You may not touch the mark but by a high aim you will come nearer to it than by not trying at all. Then by making the effort many persons have come nearer than they at first anticipated.

Of all the follies which men are apt to fall into, to the disturbance of others and lessening of themselves, there is none more intolerable than continued egotism, and a perpetual inclination to self panegyric.

When all move equally, nothing seems to move, as in a vessel under sail; and when all run by common consent into vice, none appear to do so. He that stops first, views as from a fixed point, the horrible extravagance that transports the rest.

Happiness consists in loving, and being loved. There is enough to love in the world; but to be loved, we must deserve it. We may be admired for our beauty and talent courted for our influence or wealth, but we can only be loved as we are good.

Relief from Neuralgia.

A gentleman who had suffered from a severe attack of Neuralgia writes: "If I had not had Compound Oxygen to resort to the last six days, don't know how I would have gotten through. Had Neuralgia one day in face and head, but found, by increasing times of inhalation, a prompt remedy." Treatise on "Compound Oxygen" sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Reminiscitiae

Bunting robes come up again.

Japanese silks have gone out of style.

Satin muffs are part of the wedding rig now.

Watered silks are once more rippling into vogue.

Jet and gilt are stylish, just because they glitter.

A "Jersey" made of chenille netting is recorded.

Caterpillars of jet are the latest vermin of adornment.

The princesse dress is revived for short street dresses.

Summer evening dresses are expected to be bare-armed.

Black is the favorite color this spring for handsome toilets.

Marriages at sunrise are fashionable in parts of New York.

The infection of plaids and stripes has spread to grenadines.

Trimmings of the dress material are as much in style as ever.

The finer qualities of steel net-work wont rust; but they are costly.

Black bonnets with a steel covering are used for light mourning.

The Louisiana State University thinks of letting in young women.

Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera has a dairymaid for the heroine.

A tendency to tears is no longer indispensable to a bride's etiquette.

Pretty excuse for a wife beater.—The treasure which we value most we hide.

A Missouri man won a breach of promise case because a contract made on Sunday is not legal.

A Wisconsin woman committed suicide because her husband would not let her whip their child.

When a French woman doesn't like her eyebrows, she shears them off and buys a new pair for forty cents.

Thirty cents worth of velvet, three cents worth of wire and forty cents in feathers can be stirred up and sold for $15.

A lady about to remove from Connecticut to St. Louis, had four pet cats shipped to that city by express a few days ago.

What is the difference between a $100 note and a wife of forty?—One you can change for twenties, but the other you can't.

It is a very foolish for a girl to stay away from a picnic because she has worn all her dresses, and can't save a new one.

Mr. Small-talk—"Is that a Virginia creeper behind you, Miss Violet?" Miss Violet, wildly. "Oh, where—there? Oh, do take it off!"

There is a silly sentimental impression that if a woman loves her children she cannot go far wrong through her other faculties.

"Ideas," said a rather ungallant writer, "are like beards—men only get them when they grow up, and women never have any."

The Boston School of Cookery has been closed this week, its four years of existence not having been marked with sufficient success to warrant its continuance.

The real character of a woman cannot be learned half so well by dancing with her, as by conversing with her at home surrounded by all the circumstances of married life.

A little girl begging for some sugar in her tea told that she had had several lumps already. Whereupon she pitifully said, "Yes, mamma, but you see they melt away so!"

The mother-in-law is the person in the house who attends to the preserves and the pickles, and sees that the matrimonial jars are put carefully away, to be opened as they are wanted.

Letter from his well beloved to a young man: "Finally, my owncst own, understand that I love you more for your moral qualities and thus judge of the boundlessness of my love for you!"

The Western papers are making a great ado over the discovery of a mica bed. Mrs. Malonie sends us word that she discovers a Mike a-bed every morning when the boy ought to be up, splitting wood.

A washerwoman, a regular and attentive listener at church, was commended by her pastor. "Yes," she said, "after my hard week's work is done, I get so rested to come to church, and sit and think about nothin'."

Worth lately made for an English lady what is reported to be the handsomest cloak which ever left his shop. It is of green velvet, bordered and trimmed with the tails of Russian sable. The cost was $5,500.

It is said that the first daring women who learned the art of hair-dressing in England assumed the garb of a male, and thus deceived her teacher, who would on no condition have taught his trade to any but one of his own sex.

It is a noteworthy fact that women make the best operators for telephone exchanges. There is so much talking to be done that they feel comparatively happy, and then they occasionally hear something not intended for their ears, which is blissful.

The last thing in the way of servant's recommendations is the statement of a "young lady" who answered an advertisement last week, that she belonged to a select high-art musical club, and that she would have to be out one night each week for rehearsal.

A rich and eccentric old Kentuckian who was killed by a fall from his horse the other day, is said to have left five children bearing the surprising names of Avenue Belle, a young girl of eighteen; China Figure, another daughter of fourteen; London Judge, a son, aged twenty-one; Hebrew Passion, a daughter, aged eleven; and Southern Still, a lad of eight years.

A jestic, holding court in Boston has had a young lady, recently a public school teacher in the vicinity of that city, coming to him begging that she be committed to the Woman's Prison for a year, lest she be taken on the street, and go through station-house and Court for the drunkenness which has grown irresistible from beer taken medicinally.

News Notes.

"Oaio" is the Japanese for how do you do.

A Kentucky man lately stole four hives of bees.

Paper is now being made out of sawdust.

"Heavenly Joy" is the name of a Nevada town.

A Russian countess runs a California farm.

Glycerine is a remedy for acidity of stomach.

It is supposed that whales live a thousand years.

Dark paint is apt to aid the sun in warping boards.

A female spider will suffer death before she will forsake her eggs.

November 13 is the latest date set for the world to come to an end.

In England there are nearly 30,000 persons licensed to sell beer.

Sick headache is the result of eating too much, and exercising too little.

In dropping medicine place the handle of the spoon between the leaves of a book.

An apparatus for transmitting pictures by telegraph is now on exhibition in London.

The oldest picture known at present painted on wood in oil colors was executed in 1297.

The anti-treating law of Wisconsin has been declared inoperative and void, in a test case.

A portion of the business quarter of London, is already illuminated with the electric light.

Over 4,000 colonels in the late war are engaged in the insurance or sewing machine business.

A careful calculation places the number of deer killed in Michigan in 1880 at sixty thousand.

One of the oddities of modern art in England is the fashion in which families take up a profession.

President Jackson is charged with having originated the custom of universal handshaking in public life.

The London Religious Tract Society has circulated 31,000,000 books and tracts in 120 different languages.

There is an old superstition that whoever eats oysters on St. James' day, August 5th, will never be without money.

President Garfield calls people by their baptismal names as soon as they find out what they are. He likes "Tom" and "Bill."

A boy fell over a precipice at Rochester, N. Y., into the Genesee River, a clear drop of 120 feet, and was taken out of the water unhurt.

A woman fifty-one years old, living in New York, was recently robbed of $6,600, and, becoming despondent, starved herself to death.

An English scientist is constructing a telescope with which he expects to read a newspaper at a distance of three and a half miles.

A clergyman said in a sermon, in Maine, that every member of his congregation was a "cider guzzler," and is to be tried for it by his confreres.

Bodies at the Paris Morgue will in future be exhibited clothed to present, as near as possible, the appearance of the deceased person while living.

It is proposed to put iron stairways on the outside of the school-houses in Baltimore that are now supplied with but a single stairway within the building.

It seems that the sun is greatly agitated just now, and is sending out tongues of flame in all directions. Jupiter is said to be responsible for the disturbance.

An idiot of hideous aspect hid in a Kentucky house, and, when found by a woman, threw up his hands and hallooed at her. She dropped dead with fright.

The stock of unlicensed Toronto barrooms is seized by the police, and once a week the contents of bottles and kegs are poured into a bath-tub, and allowed to run to waste.

A pastor in Vermont denounced from his pulpit those members of his congregation who were in the habit of taking summer boarders. His idea is that city sins are propagated by the guests.

During the French and German war, when Bismarck was asked to grant an armistice, he made the astounding proposition that all the journals in Paris should be given up as hostages.

The Governor of Nebraska has issued a proclamation appointing an "Arbor Day," in which he calls upon the people to lay aside their labors and "build a living monument to their own industry," by planting trees.

A dignitary in India is reported to have pulled down the greater portion of his sumptuous palace because vultures had desecrated the vast building by alighting on the roof with some objectionable refuse in its claws.

It is definitely settled that fish is no richer in phosphorus, and therefore is of no greater value as brain food than meat. Salmon contains the most nutriment, and Spanish mackerel, whitefish, herring and shad come next.

In an Illinois town a young girl committed suicide because she would not be permitted to lie abed mornings as long as she wished. She said she would show them how long she would lie abed, locked the door, and took poison.

A novel amendment is proposed to the penal code of California. Life sentences are to be commuted upon life insurance tables, permitting the discharge of a prisoner at the arrival of the time when he ought to die according to the average tables.

THE VERY BEST THING TO DO WITH A COLD OR BAD COUGH, is to get rid of it as soon as possible, and you have a safe remedy for the purpose in Dr. Jayne's EXPECTORANT, for nearly half a century a popular Lung Medicine.

A WOMAN'S TOAST.

Who wallops us, and on our ears
Bestows a box that draws forth tears?
Our father!

Who bullies us, and calls us names—
Makes life a burden with his games?
Our brother!

Who takes us home from singing school,
And sweetly spoons, and plays the fool?
Our cousin!

Who holds our hand in his and kneels
Until we heed his mad appeals?
Our lover!

Who pays the bills, and undergoes
The discipline that Candle knows?
Our husband!

Who gives us spinsters good advice,
And takes us out, and is so nice?
Our bachelor!

Who, all in all, are none too good
For human nature's daily food?
The men, God bless them!

—KATIE.

Humorous.

If a man would take care of his health, he must take air.

A small object may cast a large shadow, and the hue of a man's nose reflect his whole character.

It is said that when a hoop snake attacks an enemy it takes its tail in its mouth, forms itself into a hoop, and rolls along the ground. It is certainly a very popular reptile to pay unwelcome visits in a swallow tail."

A gentleman espying a number of mischievous little rogues in the act of carrying off a quantity of fruit from his orchard, without "leave or license," bawled out, very loudly, "What are you about, you rascals?" "About going," said one, as he seized his hat, and scampered off.

Ladies, do you want to be strong, healthy and beautiful? Then use Hop Bitters. Read advertisement.

A celebrated German physician has advocated a new theory, and that is that all food should be eaten raw, instead of being cooked; and he claims that if his instructions are carried out, and meat and vegetables are eaten in their natural state, there will be no more sickness, and that people will die of old age instead of disease. The thing looks feasible, but we should like to see the German doctor try his own theory on bologna sausage, and have to catch his dog.

Liquid or Dry.

Some people prefer to purchase medicines in the dry state, so that they can see for themselves that they are purely vegetable. Others have not the time or desire to prepare the medicine, and wish it already to use.

To accommodate each class, the proprietors of Kidney-Wort now offer that well-known remedy in both Liquid and dry forms.

Sold by druggists everywhere.—Truth.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

KIDNEY-WORT

has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the Country. In hundreds of cases it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

☞ It cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

As it has been proved by thousands that

KIDNEY-WORT

is the most effectual remedy for cleansing the system of all morbid acrimony. It should be used in every household as a

SPRING MEDICINE.

Always cures BILLOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILES and all FEMALE Diseases.

Is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes 6 quarts medicine.

Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. Roots with equal efficiency in either form.

GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'rs, BURLINGTON, VT.

(Will send the dry post-paid.)

KIDNEY-WORT

EMPLOYMENT—LOCAL OR TRAVELING; State which preferred. Also SALARY per month. All EXPENSES advanced. WAGES promptly paid. SLOAN & Co., 264 George St., Cincinnati, O.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT.—ILLUSTRATED Book sent free. Address E. MASON & CO., No. 111 Nassau St., New York.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.

BE IT SEATED IN THE BLOOD OR STOMACH, SKIN OR BOWELS, FACE OR NERVES,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Watery Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Consumption,

LIVER COMPLAINT, Etc.,

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

OVARIAN TUMOR
OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
By DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other Preparation. Taken in teaspoonful doses while others require five or six times as much.

R. R. R.

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS, FEVER AND AGUE,

CURED AND PREVENTED

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, DIPHTHERIA, INFLUENZA,

SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,

RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

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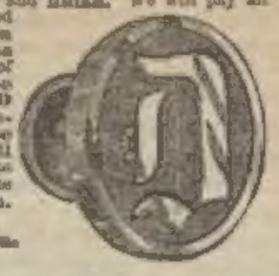

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One agent sold 600 Bells in one month, making a clear profit of $600. We do not claim that all agents can make this number of sales, but anyone with energy and ability can make from $100 TO $300 A MONTH. There is nothing of the kind in the country, and there can be none as it is our own patent. We do not wish anyone to take an agency, unless they MEAN BUSINESS AND WILL PUSH IT. Anyone having obtained the agency and a SAMPLE BELL and find they are not the kind of agents we want, will please return Bell to us and receive their money. WE WANT ONLY WORKING AGENTS, and to such will give exclusive territory. SAMPLE BELL SENT ON RECEIPT OF $3 50. ONE HUNDRED PER CENT. PROFIT TO AGENTS.

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In writing to Dr. Sherman, name this paper.

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A sealed pamphlet on SPECIFIC REMEDIES for SPECIFIC DISEASES, detailing a reliable method of cure in those diseases occasioned by folly and excess, whether affecting the nervous system or blood. SENT FREE on receipt of two stamps to pay postage. Ladies and invalids, weakness and impure blood yield to Specific Remedies. Address

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FARMERS, Engineers, Mechanics, Mill Owners, Miners, Merchants, &c., will find in MOORE'S UNIVERSAL ASSISTANT AND COMPLETE MECHANIC, a work containing 1,000 pages, 500 Engravings, 400 Tables, and over 1,000,000 Industrial Facts, Calculations, Processes, Secrets, Rules, &c., of rare utility in 200 Trades. A $5 book free by mail for $2.50, worth its weight in gold to any Mechanic, Farmer or Business Man. Agents Wanted. Sure sale everywhere for all time. For Ill. Contents Pamphlet, terms and Catalogue of 5000 fast selling Books, address NATIONAL BOOK CO., 73 Beekman St., New York.

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50 BEAUTIFUL ALL NEW DESIGNS of Butterfly, Dragon-fly, Robin Redbreast, Pinks, Pansies, Violets and Moss-Rosebud Chromo Cards, name on, 10c. Card Mills, Northford, Ct.

Facetiæ.

O it in Leadville, when one is intro uced to a stranger, the polite thing is to ask: "What was your name before you came here?" The next question, accor'ing to the rules of etiquette is, "How did on escape?"

A man, asked to test a jug of whisky to see if it was a fir"t-class article, proved himself conscient'ous. He gave no snap judgment on just smelling and tasting it, but tried it seven different times, that he might be thoroughly satisfied before expressing his opinion.

An old lady who had been reading the famous moon story very attentively, remarked with emphasis that the idea of the moon's being inhabited was incredible. "For," says she, "what becomes of the people in the new moon when there is nothing but a little streak of it left?"

"But, my dear fellah," said the newly-arrived Englishman to a ha'k driver who had called him "Colonel;" "but, my dear fellah, I don't belong to the army, yaw know." "That don't make any difference; here we call almost every loafer and dead-beat Colonel or Major. Have a kerridge, General?"

A machine to invent plausible excuses for a man whose "business" detains him "down town" until midnight, and whose wife always salutes him upon his return home with the conundrum: "Where in the world have you been until 'his time o' night?" would make the inventor richer than Vanderbilt in less than two years.

An old lady was asked what she thought of one of her neighbors of Jones, and, with a knowing wink, replied, "Why, I don't like to say anything about my neighbors; but as to Mr. Jones, sometimes I think, and then again I don't know but, after all, I rather guess he'll turn out to be a good deal such a man as I take him to be."

The old question, "What is love?" is again being agitated. Let's see. Love is what you don't get when you marry for money. Sometimes you don't get the money, either, and then you find yourself in a warm fix. But to return to the subject. Love is what you find when you least expect it, always g es where it is sent, and never comes when you watch for it.

Thousands of ladies to-day cherish grateful remembrances of the help derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It positively cures all female complaints Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists.

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AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with HEEL and TOE complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Wombly Knitting Machine Co., 419 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.

A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.

No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "TEMPERANCE FRIEND and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

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Boned with a New Material,

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A Reward of $10 will be paid for every Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. It is elastic, pliable and very comfortable, and is not affected by cold, heat or moisture.

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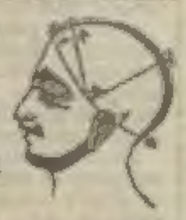

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

For Wigs, Inches.	Toupees and Scalps, Inches.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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25 No. 6,	one paper,	at 3 cts.	3 cts.	2 Wool Darners,	asst.	at 1 ct.	2 cts.
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5 D'b'e Long Darners asst.		at 1 ct.	2 cts.	2 Cotton "	asst.	at 1 ct.	2 cts.
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We sell these packages at $11 00 per 100, and pay return express charges. We allow the Agent in each case to examine the goods from the Express Co. before paying for them.

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Good Agents can make from three to eight dollars per day.

The method generally adopted by Agents is to leave in the morning a number of packages, one at each house; returning in the evening and collect the proceeds of packages.

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We feel sure you will find this a lucrative and pleasant business.

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If you cannot engage in this business please show this to some person whom you think will make us a good Agent.

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FOR TRADING AND SPECULATING. ONLY $5.00.

There are tens of thousand of farmers and others throughout the United States and Canada who are anxious to own a good, reliable Watches, but who have not the ready cash to buy the same. These farmers, however, possess what is good as cash viz: Produce, in abundance, of every kind. It will therefore be seen at a glance that any person who is willing to take that produce and give the farmer in return for it a good watch, which the farmer needs, has opened up a fruitful and unlimited field of wealth. A moment's reflection will convince you that no easier, surer or quicker way of realizing large profits could be devised. The Watch which we offer for sale is an absolutely perfect imitation of a $200 Gold Hunting Case Watch in color, weight and appearance, and time keeping qualities. The metal is a composition of other metals, so closely resembling gold that even professional judges, such as jewelers, find it difficult to detect the difference except by chemical test. In a word it is the ONLY and BEST substitute for gold known. The works embrace the celebrated IMPROVED AMERICAN MOVEMENT and EXPANSION BALANCE. The case is Massive, Strong, and Exceedingly Handsome, being engine-turned, and beautifully engraved by thoroughly skilled workmen. They are used on railroads as steamboats, in fact anywhere where correct time is a necessity. Every farmer will want one of these Watches, because it is a good time-keeper. The farmer's wife or daughter will desire the head of the family to possess it, because he will get the reputation of being well off. This watch you can sell for $20 to $25, and take any goods that you can find a market for in exchange. This will enable you to make a profit of $10 to $15 on the watch, and also a profit on the goods. For this reason farmers as well as Agents can engage in this new and highly remunerative field of easy labor. In conclusion, we beg to inform our readers that never before has such a watch been offered at so low a sum. In fact, we are the only concern that can and will do it. Beware of bogus watches now flooding the market. We will send the watch, by registered mail, free of any and all charges on receipt of $5.00, to any part of the country and guarantee safe delivery, or we will send it C. O. D. on receipt of $1.00 on account. Splendid IMITATION GOLD CHAIN, very handsome, showy, and solid, by mail, postpaid, only $1.00 each. Medallion Charms, 15 cents extra.

U. S. MANUFACTURING CO.,

116 and 118 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa

ALUMINUM GOLD WATCHES.

During the past year we have had many inquiries for A STEM-WINDING and STEM-SETTING WATCH, one that could be relied upon as a good time-keeper, sufficiently attractive in appearance for any gentleman to carry, and that we could sell at a price low enough to come within the reach of those whose duties compel them to carry a CORRECT TIME KEEPER, but whose circumstances will not admit of their purchasing a high-priced watch. After going over the whole field of American manufacture, and finding nothing that would "fill the bill" in every respect, for time keeping qualities, for appearance and in price we concluded to look over the foreign markets and see if something could not be found that would answer the purpose. We therefore sent a member of our firm to Europe to look up the watch business. He visited England, France, Germany, and Switzerland and in Switzerland, rightly named the "Mecca" of watch-makers, found just what we wanted. A FIVE STEM-WINDING, NICKEL MOVEMENTS, JEWELED WATCH, (fully equal to those put up in gold cases and sold in this country at $60 and $70.) By giving a large order we got the price reduced sufficiently low, so that we could use them in our trade. The next step was to find the right kind of a case for the new watch, and armed with a letter of introduction to Professor Oreide, of Geneva, the discoverer and only manufacturer of the celebrated metal known as Aluminum Gold, an interview was obtained. Specimens of the metal were examined, and also numerous articles manufactured therefrom. The resemblance to gold was marvelous. The Professor exhibited with much pride two grand prize medals awarded at the Great International Exposition held at Paris for the general resemblance of the metal to gold, for its adaptability for the manufacture of useful and ornamental articles, and also for its lasting brilliancy. The interview resulted in our giving an order for cases to be made from his Aluminum Gold for our new Stem-Winding Watch. We have them made in the popular Massard style.

They are elegantly engraved or engine-turned, and are surpassed for beauty of workmanship. Every case is stamped with the date of awarding the prize medals, Paris, 1867 and 1878. Just here let us say: There are several parties selling watches which they call Aluminum Gold, but which are nothing but common Oreide, and not to be compared to the GENUINE LUMINUM GOLD, and yet they ask the same price for one of their key winding Oreide watches, that we do for a fine Stem-Winding and Stem Setting Aluminum Gold Watch. The watches are manufactured of the best material and made with mirror machinery, and finished by skilled hand labor thus insuring an accurate time-keeper beyond peradventure. Great care is used in finishing them, and particularly in adjusting them for Railroad use. We have spared no pains or expense in perfecting this watch both case and movement, and now have the pleasure of offering to the public a watch, which in time and for time-keeping qualities, is only equaled by watches that cost ten times as much. Sample watch by Registered mail, TEN DOLLARS; we will send one of the above watches to any person who orders it with the intention of acting as Agent if found satisfactory, for NINE DOLLARS. Send money by Post office Money Order, or Registered Letter. We will send the watch C. O. D. if Two Dollars are sent on account; the balance can be paid at the Express office when the watch is delivered. Let us hear from you with an order.

U. S. MANUFACTURING CO.,

116 and 118 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER.

A $10 OPERA CHAIN AND TWO PICTURE LOCKET FOR

$1.00

EQUAL TO SOLID GOLD.

FACTS.—This beautiful Opera Chain and Locket cannot be distinguished from solid gold except by the chemical test. They may therefore be worn by the most fastidious without the slightest fear of being called plated. We sell them for the extraordinary low sum of $1.00, including all mailing and packing expenses that our reputation may be established beyond dispute as the leading Jewelry establishment of America. Remember that for $1 00 any lady can get the credit of wearing solid gold jewelry worth $10, for this is the retail price of these patterns in gold. If a gentleman desires to make a handsome present and win the favor of some lady that is just the present to make. It being handsome he will get credit for good taste and being costly to king, he will get credit for liberality. In a word nothing like it was ever offered or probably ever will be again for the trifling sum we charge for these two splendid pieces of jewelry.

Price List: Sample Locket and Chain, by mail, $1.00 4 Lockets and 4 Chains for $3 00.

U. S. MANUFACTURING CO., 116 and 118 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THE fashion of shaded fabrics has spread so rapidly that one is tempted to believe its reign will be of but short duration; every class of silken and woolen material is already made in shades on a plain, striped ground. The effect of this shading is best on silken fabrics and in stripes on a shot ground, either in groups of narrow stripes in distinct shades of one color, on a shot ground of the medium color and a dark contrasting hue, or in quarter-inch wide stripes of most artistically blended, shaded, and contrasting colors.

These beautiful soft twilled silks and satin merveilleux quite put the plain shaded colors in the shade, and are likely to outlast them a considerable time; they cannot be imitated in woolen materials, as their chief beauty is owing to the reflected lights and shades of the glossy silken surface.

There are broad and narrow ribbons of exquisite shades, for trimming bonnets, hats and dresses, neckties, gauze and tulle for lighter summer wear by-and-by, and merveilleux satin and surah for arranging on dresses. There are also shaded parasols and fans, muffs, and delicate silk neckerchiefs, bordered with lace. The bonnets are particularly beautiful. For instance, one of shaded red, and made with a full crown, but of the Princesse shape, has a border of green rose leaves and a cluster of red-shaded roses at one side.

A bonnet of shaded mauve has a full wreath of Parma violets arranged over the front, the ends being carried down the shaded satin strings at the sides.

Another is arranged with shaded yellow bow in front and strings, the flat crown being entirely covered with the detached bells of cowslips, sewn on singly, in rows.

Very simple styles are adopted for morning costumes, the tunics are pointed or rounded at the edge, and the upper part only is arranged in folds.

A pretty model is of Czar-blue cashmere, a dull blue verging on slate color, trimmed with piped bands of the same, and buttons. The short skirt is pleated; the long tunic is in two breadths, one crossing over the other in front and arranged in four upward folds about half way down fastened with buttons, and both sides ending in points and bordered with a stitched band; the back falls in loose puffs. The bodice is deep, with an added basque draped in folds and forming points at the sides repeating those of the tunic; the folds are fastened down with buttons, and the added basque is open from the edge of the corsage.

In another model the tunic forms a very deep point in front, opened half way up and trimmed with several rows of narrow braid. The back is draped very high, and a folded drapery starting from under the side is mingled with the puff at the back. The bodice is laced in front over a pleated plastron of surah.

Other costumes are entirely of cashmere, with the deep kilt-pleating and the wrinkled apron overskirt made very full, and with its lower edges sewed to the silk foundation skirt, and concealing the head of the kilt-pleating, or else of two deep pleatings that are very narrowly folded.

To brighten these dark dresses, a bayadere sash of gay stripes—gold with red, green, and blue, fringed at the ends—may be added to the back drapery.

Pretty walking dresses are also made of steel-grey cloth relieved with dark-red plush, and the fashionable light jackets look remarkably well with them.

One dress of this kind is bordered with two flounces, composed alternately of plain and pleated pieces. The tunic, very slightly draped at the back, is ornamented with a red and grey ball fringe; the long coat-bodice opens over a red plush waistcoat, and the sleeves are tight-fitting, with little plush revers. This pretty costume is completed by a cuirasse paletot of grey cashmere, lined with red plush, and fastened down its whole length with oxydized steel olive-shaped clasps and red silk cords; plush pockets and small straight collar to match.

Many traveling costumes are made of soft Limousine cloth, with tiny colored stripes on a rich dark ground, and are usually accompanied by a redingote of the same color fastened round the waist with thick silk cords; this fashion is not to be universally recommended, as the cords are not tied in front, but at the back, where they have rather a clumsy effect, drawing the whole of the fulness from the front and many ladies, noticing this effect, dispense with them altogether.

Flounces, both deep and narrow, are likely to be a leading feature in the ornamentation of skirts; a costume of dark blue cashmere has the front and sides of the short skirt covered with narrow blue pleatings alternating with box-pleated flounces the same width, but made of a gaily-colored fabric in horizontal stripes. At the back is a puff; the bodice has deep round basques, the back part only is ganged for some inches above and below the waist, the lower part falling in a full basque. A ribbon band is joined on at the side of the back on each side of the gauging, and tied in front with long loops and ends; the ribbon repeats the colors of the striped flounces, or at least the predominating color. These waistcoats are becoming very popular, and are pretty and graceful.

A pretty toilette is of grenat velvet; the front of the skirt trimmed with two deeply-pleated flounces of surah of a lighter shade, and open in front to allow the velvet skirt to be seen; at the back are a succession of surah and velvet loops, and the Louis XVI. coat-bodice opens over a ganged surah waistcoat. With this pretty dress is worn a lovely grenat straw Lanesquenet chapeau, turned up sharply on the left side, and trimmed with a puff of velvet and plume of shaded feathers.

Mantles of plush or velvet of the shade of the cashmere dress are worn of the Inverness cape shape, so popular last year in light tweeds; also satin mantles with gauging round the throat and on the shoulders, trimmed with ostrich-feather bordering.

This little cape reaches to the elbows, and is shirred in roses around the neck; it is then open on each arm from the shoulders down, and there are clusters of loops of satin ribbon in the opening. A single seam down the middle of the back shapes the cape, and its edges are merrily faced with satin, or else the fabric is doubled.

Another pretty style is made of brocaded grenadine over a lining of brick-red satin. This makes a very effective wrap when the figure of the grenadine is wrought with jet beads, and may be trimmed with full pleatings of Spanish lace with chains of jet beads pendent among the pleats. When the velvet or plush-figured grenadines are employed, steel trimmings are sometimes mixed with the Spanish lace pleatings.

A simple style, which can be easily made at home, is of net covered with three or four rows of scantily-gathered lace, with high-standing lace frills about the throat. These are not confined to black lace, but are also made up in white lace for the house, and will be used with summer toilettes in the daytime.

In the present rage for glittering beads I may add that one of the latest eccentricities of fashion is the adoption by ladies of an officer's gorget. It was seen last year in the shoulder knots and passementerie epaulettes, reminding one of a staff officer, and in the gold-embroidered velvet collar and cuffs, and this year it is displayed still further in the officer's gorget. These gorgets are made to match the toilette, but can be also made of colored beads, as well as jet, steel, and gold and silver; one gorget is not, however, always sufficient, and a second one is put at the waist, filling the opening of the jacket, on the waistcoat, at the point of the bodice, in fact, wherever the taste of the wearer suggests to her as best.

Mantles for the demi-saison are made of rich black satin brocades, of satin royal, sicilienne, and for ordinary wear of Indian cashmere. They are shorter than those during the past season, but the upper part is ganged in the same manner at the back and shoulders. A great deal of Spanish lace is used in trimming mantles, sometimes as an edging, but occasionally as a fichu draped in a point in front, and passing round the shoulders at the back. Chenille fringes are combined with gold or steel beads, and headed by similar embroidery; steel embroidery and beads continue to be very fashionable.

Pretty small mantles are in form of a pelerine with folded ends in front, crossed on the chest, and disappearing under the arms on each side.

A very elegant Pompadour mantle is gathered at the shoulders and waist; the back, below the close rows of gathers, is covered with alternate rows of lace and jetted fringe; the fronts are closed to the edge and form a square end, much longer than the back of the mantle, and covered from the neck to the edge with alternate rows of lace and fringe. The part forming the sleeves is gathered a little where it rests on the arm and ornamented with bows of satin ribbon; bows with loops and long ends are also placed at the back on each end of the lace and fringe trimming, and at intervals down the front.

Visites are made of many rich materials, and ornamented with equally handsome trimmings, and, being small in size, they do not conceal the graceful drapings of the dress-skirt.

Brocart, brocaded velvet, satin and sicilienne are materials used much both in black and seal-brown, this color being still as much in vogue as ever; whatever the material may be, the visite is embroidered with beads, or ornamented with beaded braids.

Black visites are more general than colored ones, these being rightly considered a little careful, while a black mantle is always ladylike, stylish, and serviceable. Pretty models abound, but do not show any marked alterations in style or material.

Ornamental clasps for mantles are in every form and variety that taste or fancy can suggest, but the newest are those bearing the monograms of the wearer in Roman, Arabic, or Gothic characters, in relief on a gold, silver, or enameled ground.

Fireside Chat.

BEAD MOSAICS.

THIS novel kind of decorative work is specially adapted for imitating mosaic on furniture panels, tops of tables, entablatures of mantelpieces, lids and sides of workboxes, jewel-cases, etc. The materials required are glass and metal beads of every description, shape, size and color, various cements, and a few tools, consisting of a set of box points or handles with needles inserted in the ends for lifting the beads, and of a presser made of a perfectly smooth head of ivory or hard wood, likewise fastened in a handle. To hold the beads while working, a little palette, composed of small china saucers, capable of containing about a thimbleful of assorted beads, will be found convenient.

The Foundation.—This may be of wood, metal, marble, or plaster of Paris. When wood is to be used, it should be well seasoned, and the ground painted white. A frame or moulding is first placed around the panel, to support the mosaic, and then the design traced on the surface. A color sketch of the design ought to be prepared, to guide the selection of the beads while working. This done, the surface is to be prepared to receive the beads.

Cements.—For fastening on metal, and for heavy work, mastic cement is required, which is made by dissolving mastic in as much alcohol as will keep it liquid. In another vessel dissolve as much isinglass in as much acetic acid as will quite dissolve it, or by melting white glue in vinegar, adding a little whiting. All these cements must be applied thick and warm. Proceed to paint the whole working surface with one of the cements, and then with a small brush apply a second coat on a small spot to begin the mosaic work, taking up several beads with the needle, and placing them where required. First, carry out the outline by laying the beads side by side, and applying more cement from time to time. Make two lines on the edge of a small figure, and three on a large, then commence following up the interior by working across it in curved lines if the outline be rounded, and otherwise on straight lines, observing the rules of shading. Thus figure after figure is finished. Then fill in the intervening spaces by placing a single row of beads, following the outline of the figure with which it comes in contact, and finish with additional straight or curved lines as the design suggests. As each space is finished make it flat with the presser.

After the design is entirely carried out with beads, the finest linseed oil must be spread over the surface, and allowed to run in every minute crevice. Then dust finely pulverised whiting over the whole, and with a soft brush work the paste into the interstices; then wipe off carefully. This will not only give great brilliancy to the surface of the beads, but unite them into a solid mass, which, having been allowed to dry for a week, will bear almost any rough usage or ordinary "wear and tear." The following rules as to the choice of the beads ought to be borne in mind. Large German beads make brilliant panes for large spaces. Fine seed beads produce the best result in reproductions of inlaid work or enamel painting. For parts of the mosaic where a sparkling appearance is desirable, cut glass beads serve the purpose best. For long, straight lines none answer so well as the bugle, while for the eyes of animals or in some parts of geometrical designs, the opaque round beads are suitable. Silver, steel, and gold beads ought to be of the best quality, and not liable to tarnishing.

Beads of the same size ought to be used for each separate panel. Next to gilded mouldings, black or dark colors look best; but if the frame is dark gold, yellow, or light brown, beads will be more effective.

Purely geometrical designs are easiest to execute; and for heraldic devices or richly-emblazoned designs, bead mosaic is especially adapted, as the intense tints of which the glass is capable produces the richest possible combinations.

Fruit, in all its varieties, is now very much employed for appliqué work in the decoration of chair-backs, fireplace curtains, brackets, panels, etc. In the centre scallop of a small black satin bracket droops a cluster of pears, whilst on the smaller side ones appears a handsome pomegranate.

A handsome black curtain band exhibits diagonal divisions, separated by groups of four lines in gold bugle, inclosing a never-ending scroll wrought in greenish-yellow. The large spaces are filled in by pine-apples, and from their embroidered stalks hang bunches of purple grapes. Both kinds of fruit are inlaid in silk or cloth, gummed on and worked over with filosella, which indicates the faceted surface of the pine-apple and the bloom of the grapes, at the same time faintly outlining them.

On a cushion, also in black satin, was delineated a vine, with branches, leaves, and ripe fruit overhanging a stream, simulated by a few stitches in white and blue; a wild duck embroidered in bright tints animates the scene. The same purple grapes alternate on a pale blue valance, with bunches of shaded cherries.

Another peculiar valance is reproduced on grey cloth, Egyptian heads in the particular brown known as Pharoah color.

Oranges, apples, and peaches in their various stages of ripeness, compose bouquets for the centres of ottomans, piano-stools, antimacassars, etc. In this case the corners are generally rounded by a fan of ruby network in the whole twelve strands of the filoselle, caught down with cross-stitches of cross-stitches of gold silk. Between each fan spreads a smaller curve.

It is tolerably safe to say nothing which is to be laid on the floor and trodden underfoot is a very good subject for embroidery. There is an incongruity in handwork being put to such "base uses" that we never cease to feel; while the conspicuous effect of such work, prevents it being in good taste for articles in such a position.

A small mat or rug may sometimes be ornamented in bold embroidery or applied work, or a pattern sewn on in braid. The best models for the decorations of such things will be found in other kinds of floor decoration, such as carpets and woven rugs, mosaics and floor tiles. If the mat be for a special purpose, such as a coal-scuttle, the ornament must be a border only, without a centre.

Much the same may be said of footstools; they are better made of something other than embroidery, but if it be used, and it is a better use than for rugs, the ornament should be flat and unshaded. An embroidery of worsteds on stout brown linen, or applied work in cloth is sometimes successful. The latter may be counter-changed with good effect, especially if the two colors do not form too trenchant a contrast.

Braiding is a kind of decoration that can be well applied to rugs, footstools and other things requiring stout and serviceable work. It has been much discredited of late, partly because it is too easy of execution, and it has been planned without due thought and care; many patterns have been spoiled by too great an anxiety to avoid cutting the braid and beginning again, and so a false line has been introduced.

Other designs require a little embroidery to give them at once point and softness, and very often the contrast between ornament and ground is too great. Thus, in various ways, a kind of work, good and true in itself, has been made offensive; but when we have forgotten its misuse, braiding, or the sewing on of any applied material in lines will probably be found a valuable means of decoration.

A pretty sofa coverlet has been made in tussore silk, worked with gold-colored flosses with a pattern of flowers inclosed in heart-shaped divisions; this had a quilted lining of gold-colored silk.

It is very embarrassing to a young man to be introduced to a lady opposite him in a rapidly-moving street-car, and have the car suddenly stop just as he has risen to bow. It gives him the appearance of suddenly diving for the door, as though he was bashful.

Answers to Inquirers.

M. A. (Wilsonville, Ala.)—We know nothing of the firm personally, and therefore cannot say.

T. W. W. (Shawn, N. C.)—1. The firm is reliable. 2. It was a mistake. There was no reason but that.

C. L. C. (Michigan.)—You may forward them if you care to do so. We have no need, however, for anything of the kind.

H. M. C. (Texas.)—For a boy who has "no education," it is not bad, but it has no merit whatever that entitles it to publication.

B. C. G. (New Philadelphia, O.)—You should advertise for persons of the name in the neighborhood where you think they are.

SUB. (Lamposas, Tex.)—Write to the American Agriculturist, New York. They will tell you where you may get what you want.

J. A. B. (Tuscaloosa, Ala.)—1. The salary is good, from seventy-five dollars a month upwards. 2. Say six months, and fifty dollars for tuition.

N. J. (Lakeville, Wis.)—When in the back seat or not driving, on which side the gentleman sits is immaterial, though the right preferably. When driving, always the right.

A. D. B. (Ky.)—Greeley was a Liberal Republican, nominated by the Democratic Convention for the Presidency. We gave the majority by which he carried your State some weeks ago.

PEMBERTON, (Thompson X Roads, Va.)—Send a postal directed to yourself, and we will forward the address of the firm. 2. We have not the figures handy, but think it is nearly two billions of dollars.

OLD COINS, (Blackville, S. C.)—The U. S. half dollar of 1796 is not down as having any value in coin catalogues. That of 1797 is worth from $15 to $20. Dimes of 1820 37 38 are worth from 15 to 25 cents, according to condition.

S. M. (Ventura, Cal.)—We have no need of anything of the kind, and really cannot tell where you could dispose of it. Any method of trying to make money is more likely to be successful, than that you have adopted.

J. R. S. (Bell Factory, Ala.)—If the book is well known you should be able to get it at any music-publishing house. Send a postal directed to yourself and we will forward the address of a firm who will be likely to have it or get it for you.

LELIA. (Newtonsville.)—Do not write the letter of invitation. The friend who communicated the other facts to you can easily give him your address, and also your willingness for him to call, should he so desire. The one will look like anxiety to seek him, the other be merely the performance of a common courtesy.

A. J. K. (Bowmansdale, Pa.)—The firm is reliable, but we cannot say that the articles are all you have been led to suppose. Of course we cannot tell what you may expect, nor if your expectations would be realized. The articles look all right, but whether their excellence is more substantial than in appearance only we cannot say.

D. E. (Tioga, Pa.)—1. The only thing you can do is to wait and see whether the young man loves you. Since you are old friends there is nothing questionable in your treating him with all politeness, and even in specially asking him to call on you. If he cares for you we have faith that he will not let much time pass before telling you of it. 2. You may send the story if you choose to do so.

BERNICE E. (Fall River.)—We can only advise you to act as a woman should, and do nothing to show your particular liking for the young man, since he apparently does not think too much of you. His conduct does not show him to be a very enviable character. Loving him as you do, it may seem terrible torture perhaps, but you can do nothing but wait patiently and let events take their course.

T. V. C. (Clayton, Tex.)—A lady who has tried it with success in her home for years gives the following as a superior recipe for pickled mustard: Two tablespoonfuls of mustard, 1 of flour, 1 of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of butter, and one-half teaspoonful red pepper. Pour on to the above 1½ gills of boiling vinegar, stir until smooth and free from lumps, if too thick, add sufficient cold vinegar to make it the desired consistency.

SADLIN. (Pettes, Mo.)—1. As the gentleman is a stranger and not presumed to know the rooms of the house, it would be proper for the hostess to lead the way of course. 2. You may continue to invite the gentleman until he feels that, whether you specially ask him to call again or not, he will be welcome should he call. After acting as your escort, it is always right to thank him and extend the invitation. 3. The lady should enter first.

J. G. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The Hebrew language is the most sublime; the English the most copious; the German the richest in native compounds, the Italian the most musical, the French the most generally expressive, good for commerce or war. The German language is wonderfully deep and rich; but for any man who thoroughly can use and understand the instrument he plays on, for one who can put it to comic, pathetic, philosophical, humorous, and every day use, give us the English.

W. T. S. (Dixon, Ga.)—The firm was in the locality mentioned, but they have since removed to New York. Whether it is still in existence or not we cannot say. 2. You have no right to force your acquaintance on any young lady, and either that, or writing her a note, would amount to such impertinence that it might get you into trouble. Have some mutual friend introduce you. 3. To play "spoony" refers to the habit or alleged habit, of some young people at social gatherings placing themselves on stairs or private corners and, as tradition has it, in the fulness of their affection, feeding each other with ice cream. We know of no other origin for the expression.

BELLE S. (Mass.)—It is not right for a young man to attend one young lady to a party and, when there, devote himself almost entirely to another. We would think such a person lacking in the commonest traits of a gentleman. A girl of spirit would have no thing more to do with him as an escort, and if the neglect was very marked, she would cut his acquaintance altogether. That you cared for him so much was the reason, perhaps, he dared to act as he did. Try the same plan yourself, inform him that you wish to have nothing more to do with him. If he loves you, he will certainly see his fault, and while suing for pardon, promise amendment for the future; while, if he does not love you, you are better rid of him.

DON QUIXOTE.—It is quite evident that the girl is acting under the influence of her mother. Your course in the matter has been perfectly manly and straightforward. We suspect there is another and, according to the mother's views, more available suitor in the case, whether known to you or not. Try to ascertain beyond a doubt whether this is the case, and if the girl is not acting under compulsion. If you love each other you have the right to wed, with the parents' consent if possible, if not, without it. Do not bother about the letter from your parents. See the girl, and ask the truth. If she has given you up against her will, and only in obedience to what may prove a very worldly motive, there is no reason why you should both be miserable while there are means of avoiding it.

LILA L. (Somerset.)—If a lady has repeatedly declined accepting the attentions of a young man, we think that he is lacking in sensitiveness, though abounding in "cheek," to continue to trouble her. Perhaps she did not refuse him in a sufficiently pointed manner. To escape disagreeable attentions if she are allowed this, of course stopping short of rudeness or incivility. 2. There is no way for her, under the circumstances, but wait. It may sometimes seem hard, but the woman must be asked for her love, she cannot offer it unsought. If the youth is the appointed one, we believe there is a subtle something that will, in time, make him aware whether she is his affinity or not. If he continues blind to the fact of your preference turn your thoughts elsewhere. It will not be as hard as you may at first suppose.

J. MOORE. (Harrisburg, Pa.)—By a decree of the Convention of France, dated the 5th of October 1793, the civil year was divided into twelve months, of thirty days each, plus five complementary days for ordinary years, and six complementary days every fourth, or Leap Year. The commencement of the year was fixed at midnight of the 22d of September. The names of the months are more expressive than ours, being descriptive of the phases that seasons of the year. Thus, Vandemia results; Primaire, vintage month; Brumaire, the foggy month; Frimaire, frosty month. Nivose, the snowy month; Pluviose, rainy month; Ventose, the windy month; Germinal, the germinating month; Floreal, the floral month; Prairial, the grassy month; Messidor, the harvest month; Thermidor, the fruit month.